The Movie Entertainment Magazine

showbill

Vol. 4 No.1

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American Hot Wax: On the road with rock and roll

The Last Waltz: The Band isn't finished yet

Renaldo and Clara: An exercise in Dylanism

If Ever I See You Again: Joe Brooks sings one more song for the road

Jill Clayburgh stars in Paul Mazursky's An Unmarried Woman

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THE ONLY NATIONALLY AUDITED PAID DISTRIBUTION MOVIE ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE Vol. 4 No. 1, APRIL/MAY 1978.

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The reader's voice. Letters are welcome

In Fairness To All

We were pleased to read Clifton Rothman's laudatory acknowledgement of the talented Miss McLaren's performance in "Outrageous". However, in fairness to all, and to correct Mr. Rothman, "Outrageous" was hardly Miss McLaren's first leading role. In fact, the producers of that film have acknowledged to us that Miss McLaren was selected for the role of Liza as a result of their seeing her performance in the leading role in "Partners", a film which we produced and which was the centre of the greatest censorship controversy surrounding a Canadian film to date.

G.C. Adams
Executive Producer
Clearwater Films Limited
Toronto

Won't Miss An Issue

I have read several of your Showbill Magazines and have enjoyed them very much. I travel and would hate to miss a copy so I have decided to subscribe. Thank you for bringing out an intelligent, informative magazine.

Jan Armstrong
Toronto, Ontario

True Bee Gees Fan

I have always enjoyed reading your magazine, Showbill, until the Dec. 77-Jan.78 issue came out. Your music reviewer, James Corcoran, showed his ignorance of the music world when he insulted the Bee Gees FOUR times! The Bee Gees talent is something to respect and cherish, as nothing will ever equal it or surpass it in the future!

Judy Storey
Stratford, Ontario

Convinced

I have just finished reading an issue of Showbill and I am convinced that I do not want to miss an edition of your wonderful magazine. Hence I have enclosed my subscription.

Ms. Linda Akazawa
Montreal, Quebec

Thorough Music Critic

As a music critic and a film music enthusiast with over 800 scores on disc and tape, I was very disturbed to see the extremely negative review by Bart Testa of John Williams' Close Encounters of the Third Kind album in your February-March issue.

Personally, I think this score, along with Williams' Star Wars, is one of the great scores of the past 20 years, though I will admit a similar statement could hardly be made for the film of Close Encounters. My beef is not with Testa's opinion, however, but the way in which he draws his conclusions.

His main claim is that the music is "all effects" and "anti-melodic", something that should appear manifestly ridiculous to anyone who has seen the film. The final 7 minutes of Close Encounters contains some of the most glorious outpouring of melody heard off or on screen in many years. By this remark Testa furthermore seems to be implying that the score should be melodic, presumably in the style of hack composers who brought film music to new depths during the 1960s with the continual deployment of pop tunes. As someone who has an interest in the 20th century music as well as film music, I can only be overjoyed that someone like John Williams chooses to write in part in a very modern style, quite appropriate to the film's subject matter, which will open up listeners' minds to sounds other than the anodyne rubbish ground out by Maurice Jarre, John Barry, and others of the ilk. I can hardly imagine what Testa's opinion would be of the music of one of the acknowledged great film music composers — Bernard Herrmann — whose style can hardly be called "melodic".

Instead of panning the album in nebulous terms (no pun intended), why couldn't Testa instead have pointed out that the order of cuts on the album does not follow that of the film, that sequences from different parts of the film are combined within single cuts, and that there is even music not employed in the film's final print included in the album? Or why couldn't he have discussed the film's musical style, like Williams' Star Wars, a masterpiece of eclecticism? One could use this point as the basis of a good, or bad, review.

Michael Quigley
Vancouver, British Columbia

Satisfied Reader

I have been thoroughly satisfied with my first year of receiving Showbill. Showbill is Canada's best entertainment magazine. Which is the reason I am continuing my subscription. Thank you and keep up the good work.

Kathy Kindall
Regina, Saskatchewan

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DIALOGUE

with comedienne JOAN RIVERS

Doris Roberts with director Rivers

Is modesty an overrated virtue? Comedienne Joan Rivers seems to think so, if only because she's telling everyone her debut film, Rabbit Test is the funniest thing to come out of Hollywood in 10 years. And at least by being slightly sanguine, she may get the satisfaction of sneering at all those major studio executives who rejected her story about the world's first pregnant man.

Rivers knew it would be the coldest waters she would swim when all the doors closed on her and she decided to mortgage away her life for the chance to make a movie. To this day, she still doesn't know what they found "unfunny" about her concept, only that they considered her a financial risk and a novice. "But," she says, "they gave Marty Feldman $8 million for Beau Geste. How dare these people tell me what's funny. Was The Fortune funny, or Nickelodeon?"

She asked one executive what he had majored in in school. "Accounting," he replied and she walked out the door. Another spent time telling her why Won Ton Ton was so funny. One told her he did not want her to direct the film.

So Joan Rivers became a woman obsessed. So obsessed, in fact, that husband Edgar walked out on her for a few days when she started screaming around the house. Well, she managed to get the money, help and support of her friends and is now keeping her eyes on the box-office, which thus far, has not been failing her.

* * *

Showbill : Who do you think are the funniest comedians working today?

Rivers: Steve Martin is probably the hottest, but he'll level off. David Brenner is funny and a very hard worker. But Woody Allen is the only real genius of the bunch. He doesn't think he's a genius. He doesn't know what "technique" he uses nor should he ever know. He's just funny, that's all. His experiences are what makes his whole being funny. I think though, that Lenny Bruce was the best of his generation. He paved the way for everybody else.

Showbill: What do you think made you a success in the comedy business?

Rivers: No one told me what to be. I always knew who I was and what my capabilities were. I have absolutely no philosophies about comedy. I just live my life everyday, run my car pool and find some humor in my life, past and present, and my family. I'm outrageous and so is life.

Showbill: You've been a writer now for almost 15 years. What did you know about film when you decided to make a movie?

Rivers: I knew nothing, and I was open to every avenue of help. From a business standpoint, I had always laughed at promotion, and that always lacked in my career. I was never a business woman either. On the technical side, I knew nothing about the inevitable pitfalls on every set.

Showbill: Well, what did you learn from the whole experience?

Rivers: I now know how to read a budget and storyboards. I know how to work with scenes on paper. One person who gave me a lot of help was Joan Darling. She called me on the set one day and went over all the obstacles I would be facing and what to do about them. Like after location shooting it would be best just to work on a simple scene since everybody would be so exhausted. She also told me when to use more than one camera and to keep a painter on the set at all times. These were all technical things she had to go through on *First Love*, and it was nice to know that here was a woman who wanted another woman to break into the business.

Showbill: Did you find that because you are a woman, it was more difficult for you to get started?

Rivers: Yes, most men in the business have that stupid prejudice. They just thought I wouldn't make a good director or I wouldn't have a clue about handling a budget. All my life I never considered just being a wife. I wanted a career; I wanted to work with men.

Showbill: Do you find working in film much different than TV?

Rivers: When I started to make *Rabbit Test*, I felt like someone had taken handcuffs off me. I was free. I had to use my mind, something very rare in TV. I'm just waiting for the day TV becomes the ultimate ruler of our lives. Then we'll all be kissing PBS (Public Broadcasting System).

Showbill: You say you want to direct more movies. Aren't you content just being a performer?

Rivers: Don't get me wrong, I never get bored with it. But I know there's more to be had. I've met the challenge, I've heard the audiences laugh. I open in Las Vegas at least 12 times a year and it just doesn't hold a challenge for me anymore. ■

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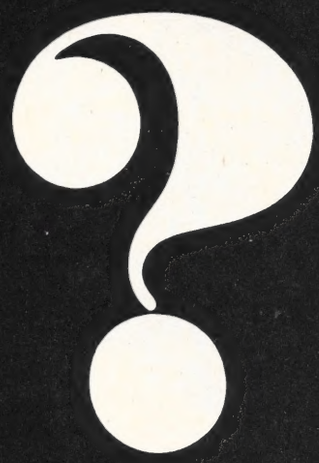

Did you know that in the last issue we began SOMETHING NEW (see page 46) for you film buffs... your very own EXCLUSIVE COLLECTORS' EXCHANGE, whereby we accept for publication, your requests for any movie related material you may wish to EXCHANGE - BUY or SELL. All requests must be from private individuals only, regarding films, books and records only... any references to other aspects of show business such as TV and Radio will be deleted.
Because this is a FREE SERVICE, we anticipate a considerable amount of mail, therefore, all requests must not be more than 28 words, including name, address and Postal or Zip code.

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Dateline HOLLYWOOD

by CLIFTON ROTHMAN

Richard Burton: to close to Liz for comfort?

Marsha Mason: another Neil Simon picture in the works.

Robert Redford: a return to the movies.

Jacqueline Bisset: to star in Rough Cut

There goes the neighborhood: The new kid down the block from **Elizabeth Taylor's** posh hacienda in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico is none other than ex-husband **Richard Burton.** He's just bought himself and new wife Suzy a modest villa no more than a stone's throw away from Liz — not literally, or course... *Life Can Be Cruel Dept:* Speaking of Liz, Madame Tussaud's Waxworks in London is removing their lifelike image of La Taylor from display since they say her popularity is on the downslide. But just in case, they're keeping her head and feet in cold storage ... On the subject of life like mannequins, **Farrah Fawcett-Majors** celebrated her 31st birthday and the wrap-up of her first major film *Somebody Killed her Husband* at the trendy New York disco with a big bash apparently costing almost $50,000. Hate to tell those who yawn at the Fawcett hype that she has two firm offers of a half-million each from two major studios for follow-up films... *Keep it in the family:* Also in eligible for the welfare rolls is husband **Lee Majors** who has signed to do his next film for producer **Carlo Ponti** for a half-million plus 5 percent of the gross **Karen Black** and **Margaux Hemingway** will co-star in the adventure story to be shot on location in Brazil... Here's what **Lina Wertmuller** thinks about sex: "To choose between sex and pasta, there isn't any question. Pasta always. But to choose between love and pasta, again there's no debate. Love, always... **Robert Redford** has been away from the cameras for two years since his last flic *All the President's Men*. Redford begins shooting *The Electric Horsemen* next month in Nevada and is very interested in **Jill Clayburgh** as his female lead... For all two of you who have wondered whatever happened to **Sonny Bono,** he's currently co-starring in *Escape to Athena* with Roger Moore, Telly Savalas and Elliot Gould... *The rumors have been confirmed:* **Elton John** and **Rod Stewart** have taken the plunge. They're to star together in a movie musical, *Jet Lag* to be produced jointly by their own companies... *On the book beat:* There's another sizzling biography in the works, this one about **Joan Crawford** titled *Mother of the Year* penned by eldest daughter Christina. The title is supposedly ironic considering the mother-daughter relafour adopted children. The book's due out in the spring... If somebody walks up to you on the street and asks "What does **Sally Struthers** think of Montreal?", you can tell them Saly says, "It's just like being in France, only you don't have to travel as far. Everybody speaks French, you buy Paris clothes at the boutiques, and there's delicious food at our favorite Ste. Amable Restaurant." ...*As the Screen Sizzles:* you can't get much hotter than **Burt Reynolds** and **Jacqueline Bisset** who will co-star soon in David Merrick's *Rough Cut*. After that, Reynolds teams up with **Marsha Mason** in **Neil Simon's** newest screenplay *Seems Like Old Times* to be filmed in late '78 or early '79...*It's so bad it's good dept:* It's Guinness Book of Records time again with Jacqueline Susann's *Valley of the Dolls* being entered as the new all-time fiction sales leader with over 20 million copies sold. *Dolls* takes over from former champs *Gone With the Wind* and *Peyton Place*. ■

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Nothing is Forever

Director Paul Mazursky makes a startling discovery– Jill Clayburgh

"What more damning comment on the relations between men and women in America than the very notion of something called the 'woman's film'? And what more telling sign of critical and sexual priorities than the low caste it has among the highbrows? Held at arms' length, it is indeed, the untouchable of film genres." So begins Molly Haskell's celebrated essay, "The Woman's Film," the centerpiece of her From Reverence to Rape: The Treatment of Women in the Movies, a book that first (in 1974) brought attention to, among other things, the virtual disappearance of women from the recent history of popular movies. A new and brilliant film, An Unmarried Woman, with Jill Clayburgh in the title role that will make her the crucial screen presence of 1978, as Diane Keaton was of 1977, happily at last will also require Molly Haskell to revise her book, From Reverence to Rape to Rapport. An Unmarried Woman is that kind of movie, the kind that immediately, and rightly, is called a watershed. *by Bart Testa*

Paul Mazursky and Clayburgh on set

continued on next page

Writer-director Paul Mazursky twists in his chair and asks for one of my cigarettes. We're on the 42nd floor, in a corner office that catches the brilliant late afternoon sun off nearby buildings as it bounces across the river from New Jersey. The day, a rare one it is too for February, has the kind of glow Mazursky puts in his films about New York, where this much maligned city seems for once a place where people like you and I live. I've just come from a very early screening of Mazursky's new movie, *An Unmarried Woman*. I'm admittedly dazzled. The film caught me totally by surprise. Despite Jim Monaco's assertion (in his book, *How to Read a Film*) that Paul Mazursky is the most important American film director of the 1970s, I had thought little about him one way or another. But here I was, and it was three weeks before critics would start calling *An Unmarried Woman* the best American movie in years.

He twists in his chair because he is aware of the irony. *An Unmarried Woman* is definitely a "woman's picture," a late entry into a long unused and little thought of film genre. It is this that prompts Mazursky to respond: "Here we are today with feminism, but no 'women's films'. Oh sure, two or three of them, but now it's a major event. There used to be dozens of them."

The connections between Mazursky's new film and the old genre hardly seemed germane at the time of our conversation. But now, reviewing the tape, and running across his remark about the "women's film", I wonder about *Julia, The Turning Point* and *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*. Major events indeed! How obsessively topical they seem now, how very specialized. As Molly Haskell argued, movies produced in sufficient numbers to make a genre where "the woman — *a Woman* — is at the center of the universe," ceased being made a generation ago.

Maybe the soap operas on television took their place, but it wasn't the same. While often tough-minded and probably the most socially relevant fare regularly seen on the tube, the soaps go on forever without the story getting anywhere. It's as if the universe in which "the woman — *a Woman*" lives has been frozen solid. But more important, is that the soaps are primarily tailored, as were the old "women's films," to the expectations of female viewers and only secondarily concerned with reflecting the realities with which women live.

Today, if we can speak of a renascence of the "women's film" we have to understand we are talking about films whose audience is everybody and whose primary concern is to reflect the *new* realities with which women live. That's why *Julia, The Turning Point, et al* are major events. They are about new realities, as well as renewals of an old genre. Their newness shows in the clanking topicality, in the thinly veiled good intentions, in the tendency of these films to border on being "tracts". *An Unmarried Woman* transcends all this to renew a whole universe of film concerns, not the least of which is the concern with real human characters.

In our conversation, Mazursky gives the soaps their due, agreeing that while they do mix boredom and drama to stretch out their thin plots, this also makes them closer to real life. "I think life really is like that to some extent. In the last two days, typically, the conversations I've been part of have been mostly like, 'Do you want a drink?' 'I'm hungry'. 'Where shall we go for dinner.' Or about someone's kids and their school. Then, something serious comes out, maybe three minutes later; something heavy like a suicide attempt or a marriage breaking up."

There is a line in *An Unmarried Woman*: "Life is part Mary Hartman part Ingmar Bergman." Mazursky glosses it by saying, "But you have to get beyond soap operas just as you have to get beyond making tracts. Tracts are too much like fists in the face.

"This film came at the right time in her life, not just as an actress but as a woman"

In the film Jill Clayburgh is Erica, a women in her mid-30s whose stockbroker husband, Martin (Michael Murphy) walks out on her. The sudden rupture of her pleasant middle-class life is depicted with a full treatment of "accidental life" that suddenly erupts into something very serious. Beginning over a workday lunch with Martin, the scene has Erica discussing their summer plans. (Here, as everywhere in *An Unmarried Woman*, Mazursky's genius for catching the ebb and flow of everyday conversation draws into the scene so gently one wonders where it is going). Then, suddenly, Martin bursts into tears right on the street and sobs out his intention to leave Erica. Watching the scene, I for one, was almost as shocked as Erica, not so much by the news as by Martin's display. The reverberations of the previous scenes have come home: "Mary Hartman" has become "Ingmar Bergman" in half a second. The scene becomes excruciating. Erica literally vomits.

Such a riveting moment could only belong to Mazursky and Clayburgh, whose director-actor collaboration over *An Unmarried Woman* has never before been equaled in modern American movies. In its own distinctly American terms, inflected by two such totally New York personalities as Mazursky and Clayburgh, *An Unmarried Woman* even stands up to the collaborations of Bergman and Ullman and Antonioni and Monica Vitti. When asked about Clayburgh, who almost never grants interviews ("I'm not a personality," she says), Mazursky replies, "This film came at the right time in her life, not just as an actress but as a woman. She had a real passion for the project. She is 33 and had a built-in feeling for it. Though she had never been married, she did have a longterm relationship (with Al Pacino) that broke up not long before the film. I didn't want a movie star. And Jill has never been in anything very good for her. (Before *An Unmarried Woman* Clayburgh was best known for her parts in such movies as *Silver Streak* and *Semi-Tough*). She has a lot of training and technically could do anything we needed. But what mattered to me was that she was not a star. The part is bigger than the woman, if you know what I mean."

The final moment of marriage

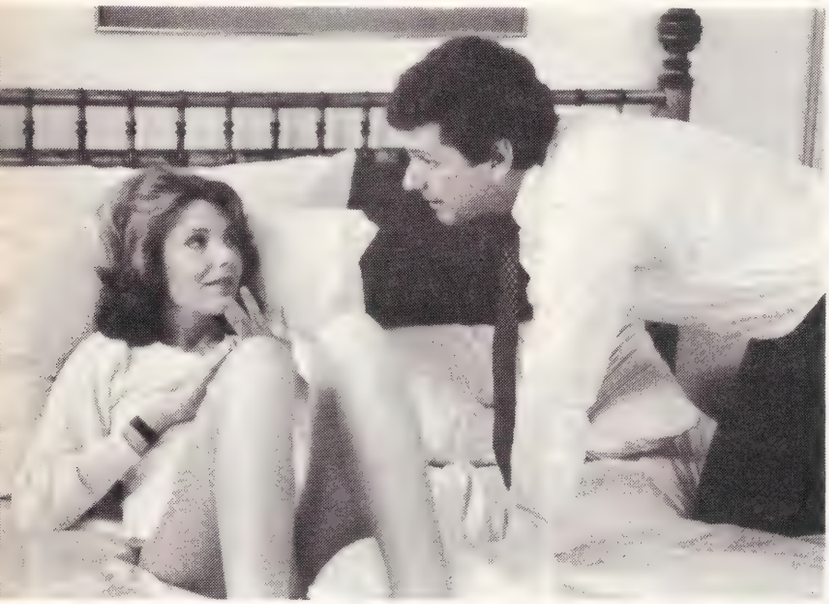
After the "lunch" scene, which pivots the movie from a portrait of a marriage into something else, Mazursky draws us into Erica's collapsing world, and into her struggle to create a new one. From this point on, the cadences of Clayburgh's performance, which Mazursky's camera seems merely to record at a discrete distance, achieve such an extraordinary poetry that Erica's struggles, instead of being made into a psychological study, become the song of a newly discovered and strongly renewed self.

Mazursky doesn't see Erica's story in feminist terms, although when pressed, the director admits, "All smart women today are in a sense touched by feminism in that they understand they have alternatives." The question that inspired Mazursky to do *An Unmarried Woman* was not that women have alternatives but how these alternatives feel

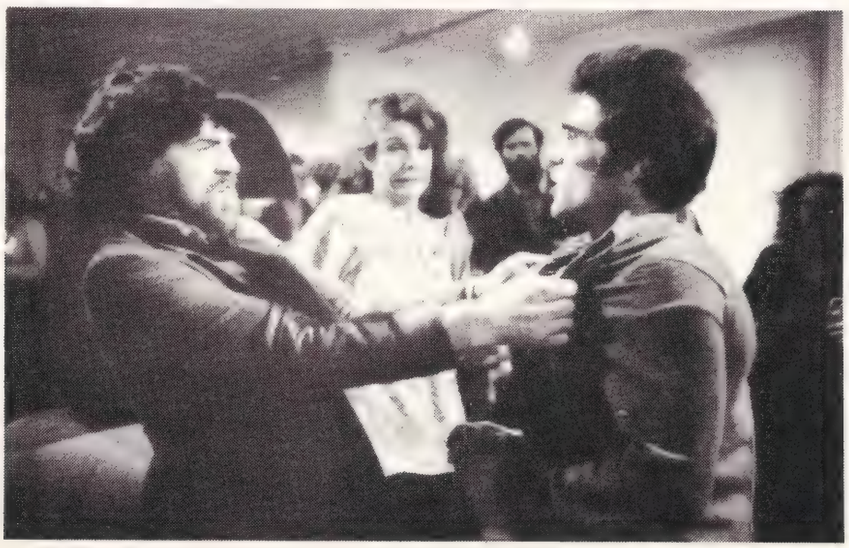
to a woman who is forced to choose and work them out for herself, very much on her own. The experience of some of his wife's friends caught his initial interest and also gave him his title. When asked whether Jean-Luc Godard's 1964 *A Married Woman* inspired the title, Mazursky answers, "No. I really liked the Godard film but my title came when one of my wife's friends was taking a lease on an apartment. On the contract there was a space in which someone had typed 'an unmarried woman.' It just struck me."

In the early stages of writing the script, Mazursky interviewed a number of women whose husbands had left them. Several things struck him. "Up to World War II," he says, "People obeyed the law. Go to college, get married. Stay with the marriage. There was an order; not necessarily a 'good' order. In the last 10 years that order has broken down It's hell to live through. But it's also absurd and funny, and so I didn't want to make a tract. Things are not that pat. I wanted the experience to be filtered through the woman's consciousness. When I did these interviews, the women told me about how they went through stages — anger, loneliness, asexual crimes, confusion and self-doubt. I wanted to capture that process, that kind of cycle of feelings."

That *An Unmarried Woman* is no tract is clear in the early parts of the film. Erica has found full satisfaction and happiness in her marriage, her job at a SoHo art gallery, and in the good relationship she has with her teenage daughter (Lisa Lucas). She has three close friends (played by Linda Miller, Kelly Bishop and Pat Quinn) and the time and money to spend with them, to round off what Mazursky portrays as a nearly perfect life for the modern urban woman. All of this is, of course, before Martin does his "wife-chucking" act, as Tom Wolfe aptly terms it in his *The Me Decade and the Third Great Awakening*. What may well strike some viewers the hardest about *An Unmarried Woman* is the long, painful middle of the film, much of which consists of an emotionally draining, almost solo *tour de force* by Clayburgh. Erica has to exert a tremendous effort of will in order to shake off her married identity and the immense self-loathing it causes her to feel after Martin has walked out. Here the film seems to flit from mood to mood along with Erica, Mazursky's direction beautifully managing the miracle of reflecting her ever-changing perception of the situation and of herself.



Murphy and Clayburgh as husband and wife



aul (Alan Bates) onfronts Charlie (Cliff Gorman) over Erica's integrity

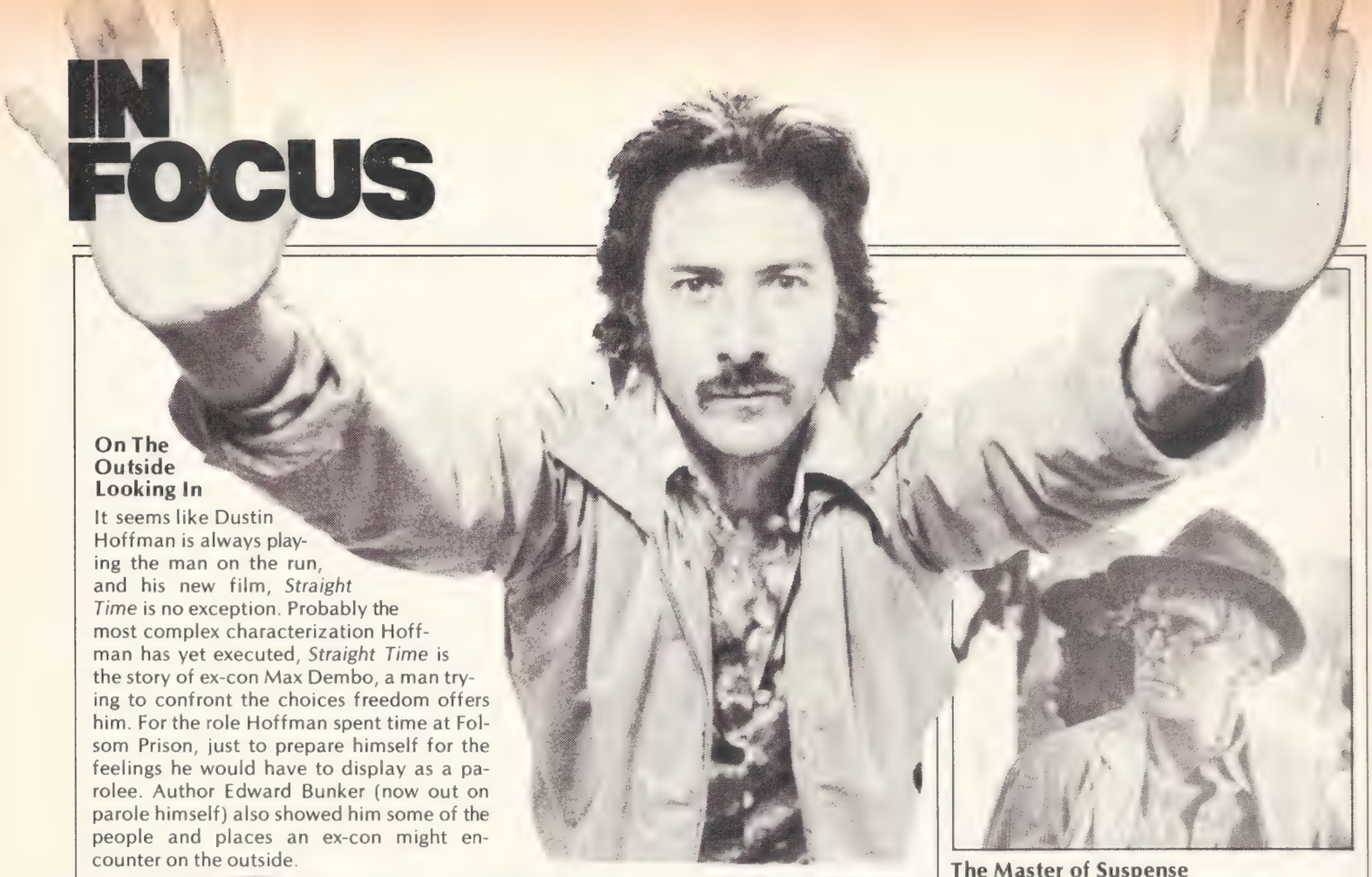
Erica has to "unmarry" herself. One would like to think it's finally over in the scene where she, alone in her apartment, wraps up all of Martin's things in a shroud-like tablecloth and claws off the wedding ring that sticks stubbornly to her finger, clearly an emblem of her married self just as the scene is a solitary ritual of "unmarrying". But it isn't over yet. A grueling scene with her therapist (Pamela Russianoff, who actually is a therapist off the screen) is yet to come. But after this, Erica (and the viewer) are rewarded generously by Mazursky for their endurance. The last third of *An Unmarried Woman* is a very lyrical celebration of Erica's rebirth, of her deeper resources and of her sexual re-initiations. It helps, of course, that much of the latter takes the form of Alan Bates as Saul, an English-Jewish painter of huge, luminous abstracts.

If Bates' Saul seems too good to be true, we really don't mind. A woman we now know to be as smart and self-aware as Erica would have no one less charming. But wasn't Mazursky cheating a little in his casting here? The director almost winds and diverts his answer: "I spent a lot of time with painters since I started coming back to New York in 1972. I began to visit SoHo a great deal. The place symbolizes to me the revival of New York which has really come back in the '70s, and these painters are the ones who saved this industrial neighborhood, made it their own. I wanted to get that into the movie. In movies artists are usually depicted as crazy or too romantic. I found they were just like everyone else. With one exception. They are obsessed with their work. They think about it all the time."

So does Saul. And it's his work that eventually comes between him and Erica. But, as a European might say, it ends well.

Finally, one has to ask why the New York of his films is so bright and filled with color. It has to be my timing, or maybe Mazursky's, but the sun has started to set, at just the right angle to turn New York into a golden castle for five or 10 minutes. Mazursky again twists in his chair, looks out the window, raises his arms and, almost laughing, says, "Look, I didn't create that." No more, I romantically suspect, than Mazursky created Erica, someone *An Unmarried Woman* suggests we should meet at our earliest convenience, if we haven't already. ■

IN FOCUS

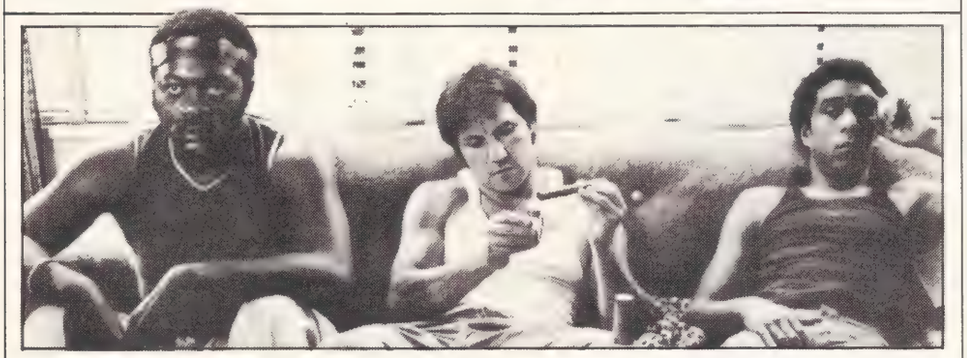


On The Outside Looking In

It seems like Dustin Hoffman is always playing the man on the run, and his new film, *Straight Time* is no exception. Probably the most complex characterization Hoffman has yet executed, *Straight Time* is the story of ex-con Max Dembo, a man trying to confront the choices freedom offers him. For the role Hoffman spent time at Folsom Prison, just to prepare himself for the feelings he would have to display as a parolee. Author Edward Bunker (now out on parole himself) also showed him some of the people and places an ex-con might encounter on the outside.

The Master of Suspense

Director Brian de Palma may have made Sissy Spacek into a horrifying little creature in *Carrie,* but no more horrifying than some of the characters in his newest suspense about parapsychology and mind control, *The Fury*. Kirk Douglas(travelling incognito above) plays an ex-government agent whose son is kidnapped because of his psychic powers. And as he always manages to do, Douglas catches up with the culprits only to find his gifted son so brainwashed that he's killing everybody in sight with his telepathic energies.



Blue Collar

Director and writer Paul Schrader says he knew he had to have a plausible story and some casting acumen if he was ever going to sell his self-scripted *Blue Collar* to a major studio. So, for the contemporary drama about three ordinary workers on a car plant assembly line who decide to rob their own union of desperately needed cash, he chose Yaphet Kotto, Harvey Keitel and Richard Pryor to play the roles. He wanted a film which would focus on economic issues rather than racial ones, even though, he says, "American cars are made primarily by black people."

House Calls

Many are calling them the new Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn, but Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson are denying that billing in their new comedy, *House Calls*. Says Jackson: "It's absurd to think we could be like them. There's no virtue in repetition." They do make an unusual romantic team, though, in this picture about a widowed doctor who, after 31 years of fidelity, decides to go on a spree with every lady he comes into contact with. He eventually meets his match in Jackson, a divorcée who insists on faithfulness.

continued on page 16

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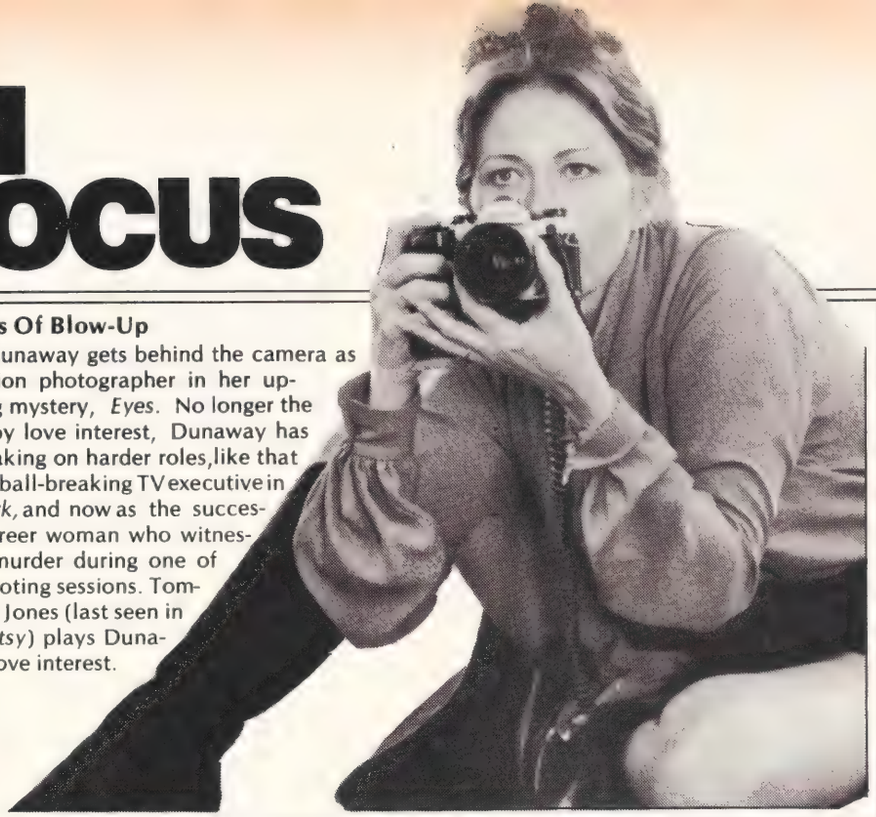
IN FOCUS

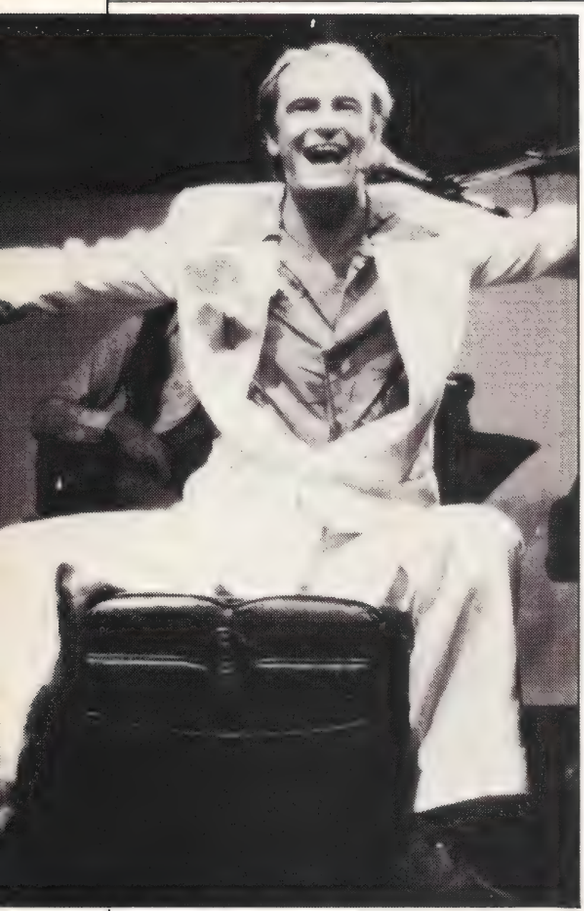


Shades Of Blow-Up

Faye Dunaway gets behind the camera as a fashion photographer in her upcoming mystery, *Eyes*. No longer the stand-by love interest, Dunaway has been taking on harder roles, like that of the ball-breaking TV executive in *Network*, and now as the successful career woman who witnesses a murder during one of her shooting sessions. Tommy Lee Jones (last seen in *The Betsy*) plays Dunaway's love interest.

Radio's Answer To Network

So, you always wanted to know about the people behind the voices. How they picked their music and handled all the hype inside the business. Well, *FM* sets out to tell the whole story, set inside a radio station's hallowed halls with comedian Martin Mull (right) playing one of the station's deejays. Some of those making cameo appearances in the movie are Boz Scaggs (left), Linda Rondstadt and Jimmy Buffett.



Rio Here I Am

Singer-songwriter Peter Allen says he doesn't mind being called a Samba whore. That's no misnomer for the pansexual rogue who spends a lot of time in New York and Rio de Janeiro dancing at the discos until dawn. But Allen does consider his work very seriously; his act has taken on the stylings of a Bette Midler. As for those critics who have in the past called him and his show the last gasps of a decadent society, he says they must have been crucifying his audience too for even liking him. Allen is best known for his hit songs, "I Go to Rio" and "I Honestly Love You", for which he won a Grammy.

Inspector Clouseau Boobs Again

It's going to be a race until the finish. While Peter Sellers ages every year, the Pink Panther seems to be getting younger. But director Blake Edwards would have no one else play the part of the bungling Clouseau, and as long as he keeps the Panther alive, Sellers will be donning various disguises to trap his nemesis. His latest is *Revenge of the Pink Panther*. Pictured here with Sellers is Valerie Leon, who proves an ample foil to his search.

A Little Night Music

Len Cariou (pictured here with Elizabeth Taylor) still considers himself a classical stage actor, but he recently abandoned the footlights to film Hal Prince's and Stephen Sondheim's creation, *A little Night Music,* based on the Broadway play he had been in in 1973. Cariou recreates his role as Frederick Egerman, a Viennese lawyer married to an 18-year-old child bride who has yet to lose her virginity. This is only Cariou's second film in a 20-year acting career (he did *One Man*), but the 38-year-old thespian says he's confident in front of the camera. "The producers wanted a movie star," he says, "but no one they wanted was available. I was a virtual unknown to the cast but it worked out very well."

Harlequin Romances Go Hollywood

Last year this publishing house sold over 100 million lust-up-to-the-bedroom-door novels to women in over 80 countries. It's no wonder, then, that after receiving letters from readers all over the world, Harlequin decided to translate their stories onto the screen. Their first adaptation is author Anne Mather's *Leopard in the Snow,* starring Kier Dullea and Susan Penhaligon.

Craig, Carol, Mae...

Female impersonator Craig Russell may be the trendiest performer around, especially because of his role as a homosexual hairdresser in the film *Outrageous,* but he's still working on polishing his live act. After a lengthy debut stint in New York, Russell recently brought his ensemble of living leggends, Mae West, Carol Channing and Peggy Lee to the Imperial Room in Toronto. His impersonations still need some work in the singing area, but the audiences allowed for that because of his witty washroom humor in between songs. The only one who asked him to tone down his language was maitre'd Louis Jannetta.

...Brenda And Paul

Brenda and Paul Hoffert have scored more Canadian movies than anybody cares to count, including one for *Outrageous*. Now working on numerous musical projects, Paul was on hand as music director of Craig Russell's recent stint in Toronto, still chuckling after all this time at Russell's impersonations.

Mitchum As Detective Marlowe

Humphrey Bogart first made wise-cracking private detective Philip Marlowe a legendary hero in Howard Hawks' *The Big Sleep* in 1946. But since that time, Dick Powell, James Garner, Elliott Gould and Robert Mitchum have also portrayed the sarcastic lawman from Raymond Chandler's novels. Now Mitchum is about to take the character on as his own, playing Marlowe for the second time in a remake of *The Big Sleep,* the most famous of Chandler's novels. Although all his stories were set in Los Angeles, this one was shot in London. Starring with Mitchum are Sara Miles, James Stewart, Richard Boone and Candy Clark.

FOR A FREE COLOR POSTER OF THIS ADVERTISEMENT FOR "HEAVEN CAN WAIT" STARRING WARREN BEATTY, JULIE CHRISTIE, JAMES MASON, CHARLES GRODIN, DYAN CANNON, BUCK HENRY, VINCENT GARDENIA AND JACK WARDEN, SEND A POST-CARD TO PARAMOUNT PICTURES, 1 YONGE ST., SUITE 2401, TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA M5E 1E9

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One more song for the road

Composer Joe Brooks makes his movies with one thing in mind — his music.

by Bruce Dowbiggin

Shelly Hack and Joe Brooks

"I try to make movies *I* would enjoy because I know there are millions of people out there just like me," says Joe Brooks over the phone from New York.

Brooks should know something about the public's taste. As one of New York's top ad men, his jingles made him the most listened-to composer in the world. And as the single-handed force behind a movie of a young girl trying for acceptance and love in the ad business, he made *You Light Up My Life* the sleeper hit of 1977. The title song and the movie's music won him two Grammy awards.

Now Brooks is about to deliver his second movie — *If Ever I See You Again* — and once again he's presenting the dog-eat-dog world of advertising as a backdrop to a love story. Brooks scripted, produced, directed, wrote the music and, presumably, made the coffee for the production, a labor he describes as "the only way to work."

If Ever I See You Again is the story of a Madison Avenue musician who attempts at the age of 34, to return to his old neighborhood in search of the girl who had always eluded him. From the hurried pace of the advertising world he believes he will find some truth in this re-exploring of his past.

As the girl he finds back home, Brooks has chosen a tempting subject, Shelly Hack, once the model for Charlie Girl cosmetics. "Shelly was an instinctive choice," he says, "but she's nothing like her ads in our film. She wears glasses and comes across as being plain. I feel this is a more realistic approach."

Choosing Hack for the film is consistent with Brook's casting ideas. "Unknowns work better," he says. "It's not hard to get someone to act if you can explain what you want to them. Besides, using unknowns helps you come in on budget. Big stars can turn out to be a real pain." In the era of big budget filming, he brought *If Ever I See You Again* in at $1.8 million. The problems of financing *You Light Up My Life* taught him some lessons in the value of his production dollars.

Despite his former prominence in the ad business, Brooks says there is no love lost when he skewers the crazies and the hype of his old job in his movies. "*You Light Up My Life* was mild on the ad business. In *If Ever I See You Again* we go a little harder on it."

He is also a firm believer in the use of music as a mood intensifier, but insists on putting it into a credible context. "Someone walking down the street bellowing a song isn't credible at all with young audiences. So I try to have my actors in real situations. DiDi Conn (the star of *You Light Up My Life*) was a singer in advertisements and we could have her do the number in the studio."

Brooks wrote four new songs for *If Ever*, hoping to emulate the Grammy success of his first film. He says the music is effective in reaching his greatest audience — the young.

"Too often the young get action pictures or dumb drive-in style comedies. I see this age bracket as being more sensitive, more vulnerable than that sort of thing. They still possess a form of innocence that is important to capture on film."

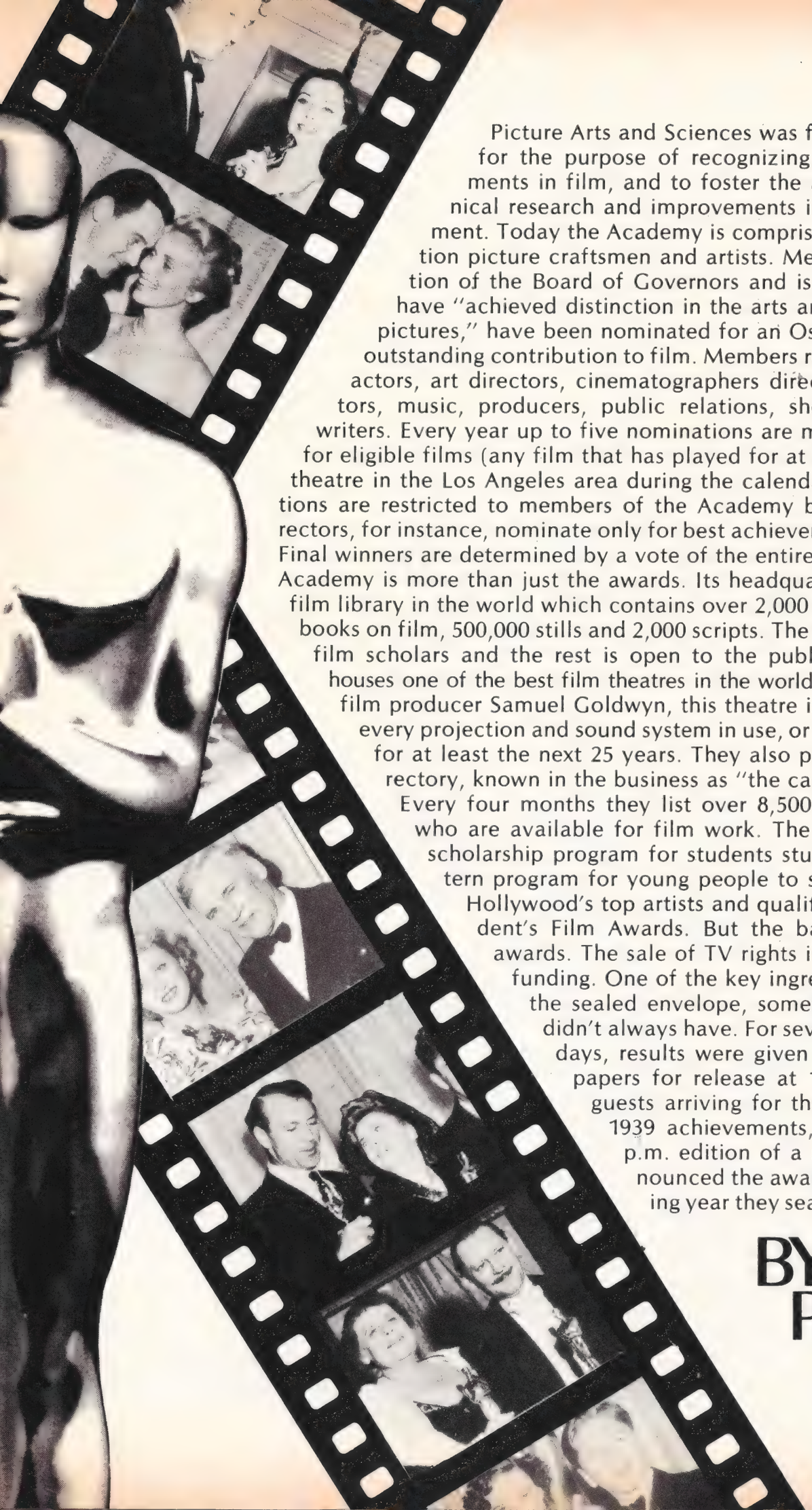
The "dreams-come-true" aspect of both Brooks' movies has found its mark if the box-office figures and popularity of *You Light Up My Life* are to be believed. He says he wants to widen his viewer audience into the mid-thirties group with *If Ever*. The fantasy of making good the second time around is familiar to most working people in that group, thinks the New York-based artist. "There is a place for warmth and fantasy in today's market."

The man who composed the music for such movies as *Garden of the Finzi- Continis, Marjoe* and *Lords of Flatbush* is not afraid to explore his own experience, and *If Ever* appears to be closer to his own story, with a male hero fighting off business to find a little piece of himself. Brooks admits many of the segments of the new film mirror his own progress.

Now if his new film can mirror the success of *You Light Up My Life,* Joe Brooks will be fully satisfied. ■

WELL HELLO OSCAR

Every year the Academy Awards ceremony seems to provide at least one story that eventually becomes part of the Hollywood folklore. One embarrassing moment, now in the annals of Hollywood's greatest faux pas's, happened one evening in 1934. Director Frank Capra, nominated for an award, got to his feet and started for the rostrum when master of ceremonies Will Rogers said, "Come and get it, Frank." Capra was about 40 feet from his chair when he realized Rogers was motioning to Frank Lloyd, the real winner. He later described the return to his seat as "the longest crawl in history." In 1940, novelist Sinclair Lewis made one of the briefest and most truthful speeches when he accepted a posthumous writing award for Sidney Howard's screenplay for *Gone With the Wind*. He said, "As an actor, I know the value of writers. Without their imagination and eloquence, which produce the words we speak, we actors would be nothing." And in 1941 Donald Ogden Stewart, who won the writing award for *Philadelphia Story,* reached the stage, looked out at the crowd and said, "Nobody helped me. I did it all myself." This year Oscar is 50 years old. Even though the birth rate of award shows seems to be on the rise, the Academy Awards remains the champion of all these extravaganzas. It is also the least understood and most maligned. Just about this time of the year the critics decry what they call the annual salute to bathos. The common complaint against the Oscars is that they never award the best films of any given year. In reviewing the best picture awards conferred by the New York Critics (surely the most august group of critics in existence), their best film awards and the Academy's were identical in 18 cases, over a 25 year period from 1944 to 1969. Their other seven best films were at least nominated by the Academy as best picture. And what about the Cannes Film Festival which annually awards a grand prize. Since 1970, *M*A*S*H, The Conversation* and *Taxi Driver* have won. Each of these films was nominated by the Academy as best picture. But just what exactly is the Academy and what happens behind the doors of its monolithic headquarters on Wilshire Boulevard in Hollywood? The Academy of Motion



Picture Arts and Sciences was formed in May of 1927 for the purpose of recognizing outstanding achievements in film, and to foster the advancement of technical research and improvements in methods and equipment. Today the Academy is comprised of about 3,900 motion picture craftsmen and artists. Membership is by invitation of the Board of Governors and is limited to those who have "achieved distinction in the arts and sciences of motion pictures," have been nominated for an Oscar, or have made an outstanding contribution to film. Members represent 12 branches - actors, art directors, cinematographers directors, executives, editors, music, producers, public relations, short films, sound and writers. Every year up to five nominations are made in each category for eligible films (any film that has played for at least one week in any theatre in the Los Angeles area during the calendar year). The nominations are restricted to members of the Academy branch concerned; directors, for instance, nominate only for best achievement in film direction. Final winners are determined by a vote of the entire membership. But the Academy is more than just the awards. Its headquarters house the finest film library in the world which contains over 2,000 rare film prints, 9,000 books on film, 500,000 stills and 2,000 scripts. The films are available to film scholars and the rest is open to the public. The building also houses one of the best film theatres in the world. Named after pioneer film producer Samuel Goldwyn, this theatre is capable of handling every projection and sound system in use, or on the drawing boards for at least the next 25 years. They also publish the Players Directory, known in the business as "the casting directors bible." Every four months they list over 8,500 actors and actresses who are available for film work. The Academy also has a scholarship program for students studying film. It's an intern program for young people to study on the job with Hollywood's top artists and qualify for the annual Student's Film Awards. But the backbone remains the awards. The sale of TV rights is the prime source of funding. One of the key ingredients of the show is the sealed envelope, something the ceremonies didn't always have. For several years in the early days, results were given in advance to newspapers for release at 11 p.m. But in 1940, guests arriving for the affair honoring the 1939 achievements, could buy the 8:45 p.m. edition of a newspaper which announced the awards. It was the following year they sealed the results. ▪

BY BRUCE PITTMAN

LAST WALTZ

THE BAND COMES HOME...

by DARWIN ROBESON

Robbie Robertson walks through several of the alleys that divide up the Samuel Goldwyn lot and quickly turns into a dun-colored, squat, nondescript building that's distinguished only by the number 3. It's late afternoon, the lot is deserted, and because Robertson has a particularly feline walk, it seems, as you watch him! that you're viewing a scene from one of those westerns that strives to be called "classic".

Inside the building, Robertson settles into a chair and stares at a huge movie screen. What he's watching is not something like *The Last Picture Show*, but the final version of *The Last Waltz*, the music documentary of the last performance by The Band at the Winterland ballroom in San Francisco in the fall of 1976. It may just be the last great rock'n'roll movie.

The Last Waltz is all about endings — not about things unfinished though, but about things that have run their course. The Band has been on the road for some 16 years — eight of them with Ronnie Hawkins — and had just finished a tour two years ago "when we just looked at each other," Robertson remembers, "and we knew we'd all come to the end."

They decided on one final fling — a concert at the Winterland where they were first featured by promoter Bill Graham as a major-league band on their own. They decided to invite their musical friends (their guest-list came to include everyone from Bob Dylan to Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton, Joni Mitchell, Neil Young, Neil Diamond, Paul Butterfield, Dr. John and Muddy Waters). Then they decided to film it. "Just for our own purposes, at first," says Robertson, emphasizing the words "at first". But that notion, too, led to another. If they were going to film it, why not for a movie? And if they were going to do a movie, why not do a first-rate one, with a good director, good cameramen and everything?.

"The point was to get a director who really knew our music, who really knew what rock'n'roll was all about," Robertson adds. "So I phoned Martin Scorsese (*Mean Streets, Taxi Driver*) who was a friend of ours and asked his advice. He was just finishing off *New York, New York* and was about to head away on vacation. But he got interested — he decided to do it."

The concert itself, lasting nine hours, was no piddling affair. Dinner was served for some 5,000 people who paid $25 just to be there. Graham, looking like a riverboat gambler in his white suit, put up $75,000 of his own money, while The Band spent $125,000. There was a 38-piece orchestra, a staff of 518 and seven cut-glass chandeliers from the San Francisco opera company's set of La Traviata. There were 2,000 pounds of peeled yams on hand, 220 turkeys weighing a total of 5,600 pounds, 40 crates of lettuce, 70 bunches of parsley for a gigantic salad, and 300 pounds of Nova Scotia salmon flown in by Bob Dylan for vegetarians.

But you won't see any of that. "We were so tired of all those rock'n'roll movies that had to show all the crowd," says Robertson. "In this picture there's only one — and brief — crowd shot. That's it. The rest is music."

continued on page 26

The Band: Levon Helm, Garth Hudson, Robbie Robertson, Rick Danko and Richard Manuel

RENALDO AND CLARA

Dylan in pancake face: hiding himself for fear of self-exposure

...but LEAVES DYLAN BEHIND

BY BART TESTA

It may still be too early to tell, but all the signs indicate that *Renaldo and Clara,* Bob Dylan's "first" feature film, is a flop. Opening amid a barrage of cover stories (no cover, no interview was Dylan's policy — and it worked) at the Waverly Theater right in the heart of New York's Greenwich, *Renaldo and Clara* at first drew full houses. Then, the critical pans came rolling in like August thunder. The *Village Voice* sent six critics and ran five pans (Richard Goldstein was the dissenter) under the headline, "I, Dylanus." *Rolling Stone* also ran an embarrassingly sycophantic interview cover story by Jonathan Cott. One issue after, they printed Dave Marsh's scathing put-down, "Ballad in Plain Dull." Over lunch, moreover, Marsh elaborated on his attack to me in terms that suggested the critical world-of-mouth was even more vicious than the condemnations of the film that found their way into print. The daily papers followed suit, although their dismissal of *Renaldo and Clara* conveyed none of the pathos of the *Voice and Rolling Stone* where the pans had been written against a fallen hero.

Perhaps only Robert Martin of the Toronto *Globe and Mail* was at all sympathetic with the movie, penning a mixed review. And even he, I suspect, had managed this measure of kindness because he was aware of the scant chance *Renaldo and Clara*, a four-hour docu-epic, stands of being seen in Canada.

All of this preface should be kept in mind. For consumer reasons, at least, the drubbing of *Renaldo and Clara* is justified. I think these people are right. *Renaldo and Clara* is a real turkey. Nevertheless, I can also report that I quite enjoyed myself while watching this film. Either out of the perversity gained over years of watching avant-garde movies, or from my own lingering fascination with Bob Dylan, to which the film panders shamlessly. Of course, I did busy myself with note-taking during the duller parts, scratching down in the dark the musings Dylan provokes. Things like: "When will Joan Baez join the human race?" "When, where and how did Hurricane Carter become such a jive media junkie?" "Does Ronnie Hawkins *ever* succeed in picking up girls with lines like 'I was rejected by the Ku Klux Klan'?" And, "Just how aware is Dylan's wife Sara of her peculiar resemblance to Jacqueline Bisset?"

I can't say whether *Renaldo and Clara* will provoke such thoughts in anyone else, or whether such meditations will sustain them while they stare for four hours at a higgledy-piggledy mixture of incompetant, mediocre and brilliant camera work edited together in no order that can even be thought of as narrative,

continued on page 26

Herring for snacks, naturally. But Holland is also malls by the mile, cafés by the score, and houseboats by the canal.

Have you ever noticed that it's often the little, unexpected things about a foreign city you remember the most vividly?

When you come to Amsterdam, for instance, and you're strolling along a sun-dappled canal lined with the 17th-century homes of millionaire merchants, you'll likely come upon a small cart. The vendor is selling—what? Herring! Freshly filleted, and sprinkled with chopped onions. You'll watch as Dutch people stop for a snack, then continue on their way with rapturous smiles on their faces.

Finally, you try one and discover a delicacy you never knew existed—for only about 50 cents, too! And that's a delightful little unexpected memory.

An unexpected shopper's paradise awaits you in Holland, too. You see, in all the major cities, the main shopping areas are closed to traffic. Not just a block here and there, understand, but whole, long streets lined with hundreds of stores—large and small, classic and friendly. The Dutch pioneered this concept, and whether you discover its pleasures in Amsterdam, The Hague, or Rotterdam, you'll wonder why shopping isn't this much fun back home!

Other small pleasures are the cafés and pubs of Holland—they seem to be everywhere—and one

Try a "nieuwe haring" and discover a new taste treat.

In Holland, shopping means strolling.

of the most pleasant ways to spend an evening is to just sit at an outdoor café and watch the people and cyclists go by, often to the accompaniment of street musicians. You can sit for hours over a few beers (55 to 75 cents each) or Dutch gins (about 75 cents) and let yourself be entertained.

It's not surprising, however, to get a wave from a houseboat as you pass it. So much of Holland is laced with canals (Amsterdam alone has more miles of waterway than Venice) it's easy to understand why so many Dutch families choose to live on the water rather than beside it!

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Dutch cafés have their own unique charm.

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THE BAND

continued

Well, not quite. Both Scorsese and The Band felt something was missing when they reviewed the concert footage, some dimension that went beyond the music. So for a few days the director sat everyone down at a table and let guitarist-singer Robertson, drummer Levon Helm, keyboard player Garth Hudson, pianist Richard Manuel and bassist Rick Danko simply reminisce about their days together. There was also some additional music footage shot months after the concert to beef up the film, including The Band with Emmylou Harris and the Staple Singers as well as a complete version of the Theme From The Last Waltz.

It's not just Roberston's and Scorsese's emphasis on the musicians and their music that distinguishes *The Last Waltz* from other rock films, though. Working with cameramen like Laszlo Kovacs, David Myers and Michael Chapman and a 300-page shooting script, the director certainly styled the classiest-*looking* film to deal with rock music. He also caught something of an era that no other film from that era managed to reproduce. There's a gentleness in this film, a sense of human values that few others possess. It is, by its very subject, nostalgic. It's not of the '60s the way, say, *Woodstock* or *Help* were; it's about the '60s — that last of the '60s. ■

DYLAN

continued

or whether most people, like Dave Marsh did, find such provocations indicative of Bob Dylan's complete creepiness and be infuriated by such a disclosure.

A Canadian audience may likely find it fascinating that most of *Renaldo and Clara* was shot in Canada and that the Canadian landscape, particularly the cityscape of Montreal, is used to convey the feelings of the Dylan universe. Several of the longer Montreal sequences evoke the imagery of his songs and the cover of his early *Freewheelin'* album. The Roman Catholic art and architecture found in Montréal is also exploited, chiefly in a walk Dylan takes with poet Allen Ginsberg, who translates the inscriptions on a Stations of the Cross from the French. One of the few successful light touches shows Dylan, dressed in furs no less, begging at Bay and Queen Sts. in Toronto, a joke the Waverly audience understandably didn't find as funny as I did.

Despite its length, *Renaldo and Clara* is economical. It just seems aimless because Dylan shows only a minimal interest in storytelling and in finding a "center" for the film. Ideas are brought up, developed a bit, interrupted and resumed later. They are never resolved. The viewer has to work to keep track but has little reason to want to. But then, I didn't for a second believe that *Renaldo and Clara* would be about real people, relationships or the "meaning" of these for Dylan even if he were able to intend these for a film, which he isn't. I could not imagine Dylan capable of sincere self-exposure or even of offering his audience a faint glimmer of how he hides himself. I expected the film to be one more elaborate kind of hiding, and so it is.

No, I came to *Renaldo and Clara* with very different expectations. In fact, I came almost directly from seeing Jacques Rivette's *L'Amour Fou* (Crazy Love), as Jonathan Cott's *Rolling Stone* article advised me to do. But while Cott had cited Rivette in order to bolster Dylan with "art film" credentials, to suggest that Dylan's crazy porridge, like Rivette's, was a study in identity, I had seen in Rivette's *L'Amour Fou* a technical model that Dylan would exploit for uneasy laughs.

Film critic William Rothman once remarked that Dylan was like Alfred Hitchcock in that both men multiplied ironies, cruel jokes and confusion in order to hide their feelings, to bury their moral identities. Remembering that Dylan had once glossed *Psycho* with a hilarious early song, "Motorpsycho Nightmare," which retold Hitchcock's thriller as a travelling salesman/farmer's daughter joke, I wasn't shocked to see that *L'Amour Fou* had become, in *Renaldo and Clara*, an anthology of *schticks* at the expense of Dylan's wife, friends and hangers-on of the Rolling Thunder Revue.

For example, Joan Baez is compared to a horse in a very funny gag that takes

half an hour to unfold and of which Baez is wholly unaware. Typically throughout the movie Baez believes herself to be in on all the jokes — about her sexuality, her current suburban persona, and about her loss, years ago of Dylan to Sara (an event stiffly re-enacted, a mechanical imitation of Rivette). But Dylan's editing has other, far crueller jokes to tell and a much less "in" Baez is the butt of them. So is Allen Ginsberg, who speaks seriously about the "big themes" (like death) and whom Dylan turns into an old sentimental fool, even making light of the poet's very moving obituary for Jack Kerouac.

Dylan's viciousness here has no significance but to show how callous he is to all the people around him, and how indifferent he is to the feelings and ideas they both trust and, in the case of Ginsberg and Hurricane Carter, represent. I suspect that this is what has aroused the rage of the critics against *Renaldo and Clara;* that the film admits to being worthless, except as a self-indulgent exercise of Bob Dylan's annihilating wit, detached from any deeper vision. This vision is something critics (especially critics as serious as a Dave Marsh) believe an artist, or any conscious human being, should continue to search for because *it is their job*. Or, if searching is no longer a possibility, then the appropriate response should be despair, which would at least acknowledge the human bankruptcy of the artist's condition.

But this view doesn't acknowledge that Dylan is and always was a dandy.

Nearly alone among pop songwriters, Dylan did once toy at the edge of despair, and the music he made there fills *Renaldo and Clara* in between the other kinds of footage. Shot in tight close-up of Dylan's face, painted carelessly in white, the songs are sung with incredible grace and intensity, as if Dylan were demonstrating his genius as an artificer between scenes that expose him as a trite creature, as a twit.

Dylan is compromised, but I have to admit I don't personally feel the pathos of such a self-debunking of the Dylan myth. I have for years thought of Bob Dylan as a bit of a jerk, considered him as an avant-garde answer to Barbra Streisand. *Renaldo and Clara*, then, probably serves me well as Dylan's *A Star is Born*, another movie I had quite a good time watching in a very similarly amused mood. Which is very different from saying that I enjoyed either film, or that *Renaldo and Clara* is in any sense "good". ■

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FASHION IN FILM

Today Annie Hall defines flaky chic perfectly. But this is no new accomplishment

by Darwin Robeson

photos by Barbara Cole

So, here it is, about midnight in one of those Toronto bars where hot-shot young magazine editors hang out a lot, about the time when everything is going into overdrive. And there, drifting through all the chattering din, you can hear the ululation of the new phrase: *"La di da, la di da."* It's everywhere and, worse, you know all too well why it's everywhere. After five minutes of this you want to throttle Diane Keaton or Woody Allen or whoever dreamed up the line for *Annie Hall*. After 10 minutes you're convinced every trendy yahoo within a 10 block radius has somehow ended up here tonight. After an hour though, when confronted by the most remarkably attractive Diane Keaton look-a-like, you find it much easier to go with the drift. Besides, you've always preferred bars that didn't want people like you, anyway.

Not that one should be surprised by this creeping *Keatonitis* which has caused not a few women these days to adopt her style as their own; baggy pants, loose blouses, vests, ties, and all. *Annie Hall* defines flaky chic perfectly, although this is a style that, clearly, was ready to peak before it — or Keaton — came along. Had the style peaked before its release, the film likely would not have done as well, nor would Keaton have been a *Time* cover. Had it peaked after, the film would have seemed just a touch too trendy. Woody Allen's timing was ideal, then. *Annie Hall* helped crystalize a style, and, in turn, helped broaden the style's appeal.

Not that there is anything particularly new in this accomplishment. The makers of men's underwear noticed a slackening of business after *It Happened One Night* came out in 1934 and millions of men — and women — saw that Clark Gable wasn't wearing anything under his rumpled shirt. Then there was Chaplin's moustache, James Dean's curled lip, Edward G. Robinson's snarl, Brando's Godfatherly mumble (heard nightly in Las Vegas) — well, you get the drift; films have generated a culture that has nothing to do with their value as art or the awards they might have won. All this amounts to what is probably the true history of the movies, one which has never been written about because of its sheer, blinding obviousness. It's the history of film as seen through all those who wore what the stars wore, and or have, thought, acted and made love as they did. True, films have not had the impact in this regard the way they once did. It would be difficult to measure Greta Garbo's impact in the '20s, but she did make it a lot easier for a generation of women with wide mouths, long calves, narrow hips, broad shoulders and flat chests to get along. These days, though, continued

FASHION IN FILM

continued

movie culture has been thrown together with TV culture and it's the latter that has the more obvious clout. For every woman tempted to say *"la di da"*, that is, for every woman responding to Keaton's casualness in such a direct way that they become mini-Keatons, there are 20 pre-pubescent school girls who look like Farrah Fawcett-Majors. That is, girls who are trying to develop hyperactive follicles and (if mom will let them) perky nipples. But TV, in its attempt to be as democratic as possible, avoids what might be considered fashionable — fashion is, after all, elitist or, worse, it comes from New York. And this alone gives film its edge. It cannot only be fashionable it can be anti-fashionable. Angie Dickenson, from TV's *Police Woman,* might be seen, week after week, taping a show, but she wouldn't be caught dead in four pieces of clothing that in no way matched each other. This, for TV is fashion. Call it mid-west chic or what you will, it's still fashion with a capital F; dull, safe and square.

By fashion, I do not mean that stuff couturiers (are they still called that?) try to fob off on us every so often. This once worked in the movies. Little frocks by Cortege, Poiret or Suzanne Talbot (the kinds of things that would show up in the early *Vogue* or in the *Gasette du Bon Ton*), had their day in the late silents and early talkies. But since the '40s at least, film fashion has clearly been a middle-class affair and this, in a sense, has made it more unpredictable. Katharine Hepburn, in effect, was the transition figure between the early '30s high-style and the '40s war-effort, broad-shouldered, pseudo-uniform. Dior from about 1947, tried to wipe out this war look and with designs based on geometrical forms, he created a sort of fake high-style that Doris Day took to and which showed up with annoying frequency in all those nut-ball cold war comedies that paraded women as they paraded all those consumer goods.

But no one outside the movies bought this. Guys may have talked like James Dean, just as some women may have wanted to talk like Marilyn Monroe. But wear what she wore? Never.

But what did she wear? I mean, was anyone actually looking at her clothes or through them? The movies have always provided us with the exotic and continue to do so now, despite all the claims of their new realism. The only thing that's changed is our notion of what's exotic. In the '20s and '30s, films brought to a mass audience pictures of the never-never land of the rich — a class which was defined by that arbiter of such things, Thorstein Veblen in his book, *The Theory Of The Leisure Class* (1899). He wrote that this class was defined "by pecuniary fitness which is exhibited by conspicuously wasteful consumption setting standards according to canons of taste determined by wealth." But what Monroe and her image-sisters in the '50s indicated was that we'd moved beyond those examples of pecuniary fitness — the clothes, the cars and the decorator apartments perched high over Manhattan — and to the people wearing, driving — and living in them. I'm not saying the mass audience for movies has not always been interested in bodies; I am saying, however, that since the '50s, the interest in bodies and what people did with them superceded the interest in clothes. So what does it matter what Streisand wears when we know, as Jon Peters did before us, that she has a great bottom? The films of the '50s and '60s democratized and eventually destroyed fashion (just as TV was discovering what it thought was fashion) and, in doing so, allowed plenty of room for people to do pretty much what they liked to do.

Not that Hollywood has completely given up on style, high or low.

There have been a few isolated stylistic break-outs since the '50s. There was a brief flurry in what might be called the Gigi style, a sort of fake '80s Paris look inspired less by Leslie Caron than by the look of the musical as a whole. Gigi was disciplined, if distant, high-style, and people responded to it much the way — although to a lesser degree — than their parents responded to an equally "regal" event, the coronation of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth in 1937. But the effect of Gigi or, for that matter, anything else, had little impact compared to Barbra Streisand when she first arrived on screen.

With Streisand the last attempt to control screen fashion went out the window: she wore what she apparently wanted to wear - including that nose - and, in the process, liberated a generation or two of young women who were not blond, not WASP, and not from the mid-west. Streisand allowed for a certain funkiness. She was urban, if not urbane, klutzy, open, and blithely dismissive of what was in or out as a style. Without Streisand, there couldn't be a Rhoda on TV or, for that matter, Diane Keaton just about everywhere these days.

The Streisand style might have lasted longer if it had not been for three factors. First, there was Ali McGraw who in *Goodbye Columbus* and later in *Love Story*, created a WASP variant of the Streisand version. Secondly, Streisand herself blew it by pushing her klutzy eclecticism a bit too hard in *A Star is Born* (wardrobe from Miss Streisand's closet indeed); and, thirdly, the movie industry got hip to what was going on and wanted a bit of the action.

Hence, we've come recently to see the *Star Wars* style — which means any sort of fashion that looks madly futuristic (designers, like car-makers, are amazingly prone to future-think). Even more recently, there have been rumbles among those who just love to see themselves or their creations mentioned in *Women's Wear Daily*, to have women shave their heads, capturing the look, if not the spirit, of *Close Encounters of the Third Kind.*

But all of this is peripheral and not likely to last more than a party or two. The Annie Hall look is another matter. You won't find it in the bar I was in; it's become a bit too trendy for really trendy people to linger over. But just check out your basic high school corridors, and there they'll be, mini-Keatons, nicely flaky, casual to a yawn and fully able to dismiss anything with — yes! — *"la di da, la di da."* ■

Fashions courtesy of Creeds, Eaton's, Holt Renfrew, Marilyn Brooks and Robin.

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In the political ring with SYLVESTER STALLONE

by Kevin Stevenson

One day in the late thirties, a truck full of strawberries pulled up to a warehouse in Detroit. A small but pugnacious man urged his fellow workers to refuse to unload the truck, and faced with the possibilities of a spoiled shipment, management capitulated to the workers' demands for higher wages. The man who led that strike was a young and determined Jimmy Hoffa, and it was this small upheaval that marked the beginning of his rise to the most powerful union leader in America.

Not unlike Jimmy Hoffa, Johnny Kovak in *F.I.S.T.* (Federation of Interstate Truckers) got his start on the picket line. Spanning three decades in the growth of the labor movement in America, F.I.S.T. follows the career of Kovak in his struggle for the working man. And like Hoffa, Kovak rises from the working class. He believes in muscle and uses that leverage in his climb to the top of Interstate Truckers.

But the similarities are purely unintentional, says screenwriter Joe Eszterhas (associate editor of *Rolling Stone*). "I tried to present an authentic interpretation of the times, not a fictionalized biography of Hoffa. I don't even know that much about Hoffa". Director Norman Jewison echoes Eszterhas' sentiments, but concedes "even though it's not about Hoffa, that's who you'd automatically think Kovak is

because the movie centers around a trucking union."

Starring as the hard-hitting Kovak, Sylvester Stallone appears in his first motion picture since *Rocky*. About Kovak, Stallone says: "Like Rocky, he comes from the depths and makes his way up to become a winner. Johnny was born to be a champion — king of his domain. Rocky lived in the subterranean world. Kovak is out in the open, on top. Confident, aggressive, more intelligent, he knows how to get his way with anybody."

And in the '30s that's what counted. Wracked by the depression, companies fought against the unions, quite often using strike-breaker goon squads. It demanded thick skin, and muscle. "Our cars were bombed out. They hired thugs who were out to get us, and brother, your life was in your hands everyday," Jimmy Hoffa once remembered. "There was only one way to survive — fight back. And we used to slug it out on the streets."

By enlisting the help of the mob — the Detroit Purple Gang, and the Mafia — unions like the Teamsters gained respectability. For them the mob was a pragmatic law of the jungle meant to ensure survival. But the means also brought the violence, times that saw the bloody Detroit clashes between strikers and Ford goons, 16 killed during the Youngstown steelworker's strike, and more than twenty killed in an inter-union fight in Minneapolis.

Was the violence necessary? Eszterhas insists it was. "There was no alternative. They were fighting for their lives then, and that's important to understand. In the beginning the odds were against them, only later did they obtain awesome power." Adds Jewison: "The unions have come a long way. The labor movement will continue to struggle and improve the condition of mankind. What they did in the beginning was necessary. I'm basically a pragmatist and view the violence as a means to an end. Both sides were guilty of many things, and the workers of today can be thankful for the sacrifices made."

F.I.S.T., however, does not dwell on the struggle for survival. The film takes us through the forties and fifties, intricately tracing the rise in power of such unions as the Teamsters, the leaders of which even challenged the U.S. government. Said, then Senator John L. McClellan: "All our lives are too intricately

SYLVESTER STALLONE continued

interwoven with the teamsters to sit passively by and allow them to create a super power in this country, a power greater than the people, and greater than the government."

In an attempt to clean out the corruption-infested, underworld-linked F.I.S.T. union, the U.S. senate brings Kovak, like Hoffa, up before an investigating committee. The confrontation is volatile. Pitted against the government which claims to represent the people, is Johnny Kovak, claimant to the will of the people. It is super power against super power, and the ultimate battleground of the individual against society.

To capture the mood of the times, Eszterhas and Jewison spent six months researching the film. "It was my first screenplay," explains Eszterhas. "Norm (Jewison) worked with me the whole way. Being my first, it was a lot of hard work, and there was much I had to learn. But Norm's the kind of director who shares what he knows. We worked in both Los Angeles and at his place on Lake Simcoe. It was beautiful country, but we didn't have much time for beer breaks down by the dock."

Says Jewison: "Joe is essentially a novelist, but I'm used to working with writers attempting their first screenplay. They tend to lean on the director which is good. Joe needed a director, but it was all there."

"Sly also did some work on his own. He contributed in the re-write, and got credit with Joe."

Norman Jewison confers on the set

Stallone as Johnny Kovak

Canadian-born Jewison moved to the U.S. after establishing himself in Canadian television. He went on to direct such people as Judy Garland, Richard Burton and Harry Belafonte, but left the States for England where he now lives on and off. *F.I.S.T.* is his first film shot in America since 1970; in the last eight years he has made films in Yugoslavia (*Fiddler on the Roof*), Israel (*Jesus Christ Superstar*), and Germany (*Rollerball*). Displaying his apparent penchant for travel, Jewison maintains residences in Canada, England and at Malibu Beach, but says he's thinking of returning to Canada. "If the talent and production facilities are there, I'll make my films in Toronto. I prefer to live a long way from Hollywood. But when you think about it, it doesn't matter where you work. Film is an international business."

Although Stallone steals the limelight as the vitriolic Kovak, he doesn't go it alone. Rod Steiger appears as the U.S. senator whose clash with Kovak becomes big headline news. Peter Boyle as Max Graham, and David Huffman as friend turned foe, also stand in the way of Kovak's quest for ultimate power. Though never short of enemies, Melinda Dillon, as the strong-willed wife of Kovak, proves to be what women have always claimed, the motivating force behind the man, and often Kovak's only friend.

Although Stallone, Jewison, and Eszterhas are admittedly pro-labor, they have created an important impartial historical drama. And with the current feelings about unions in the U.S., that's no easy feat. As Jewison says, "The film isn't anti-corruption. It doesn't take sides." ■

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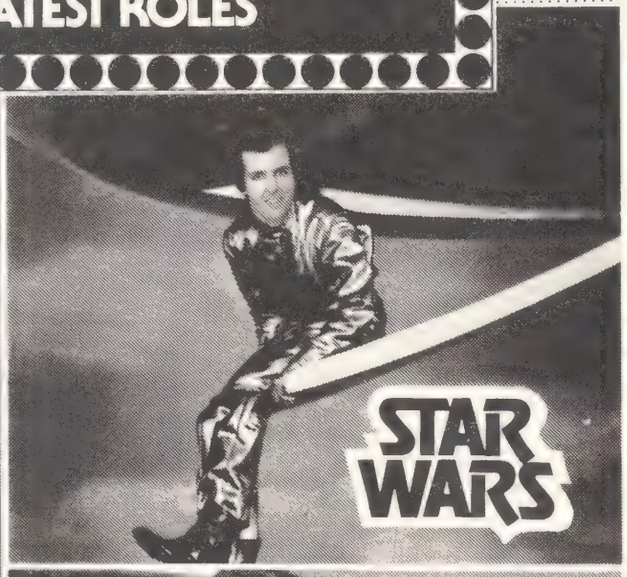

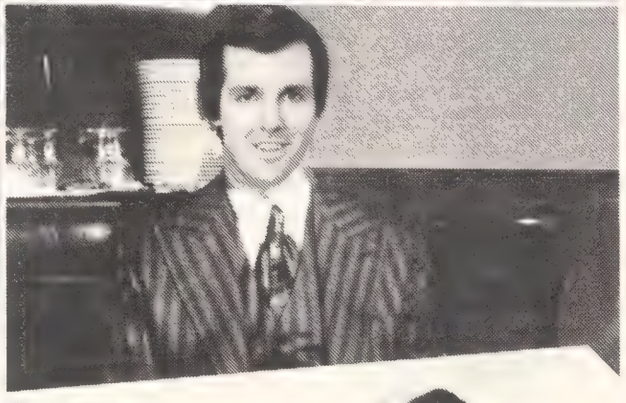

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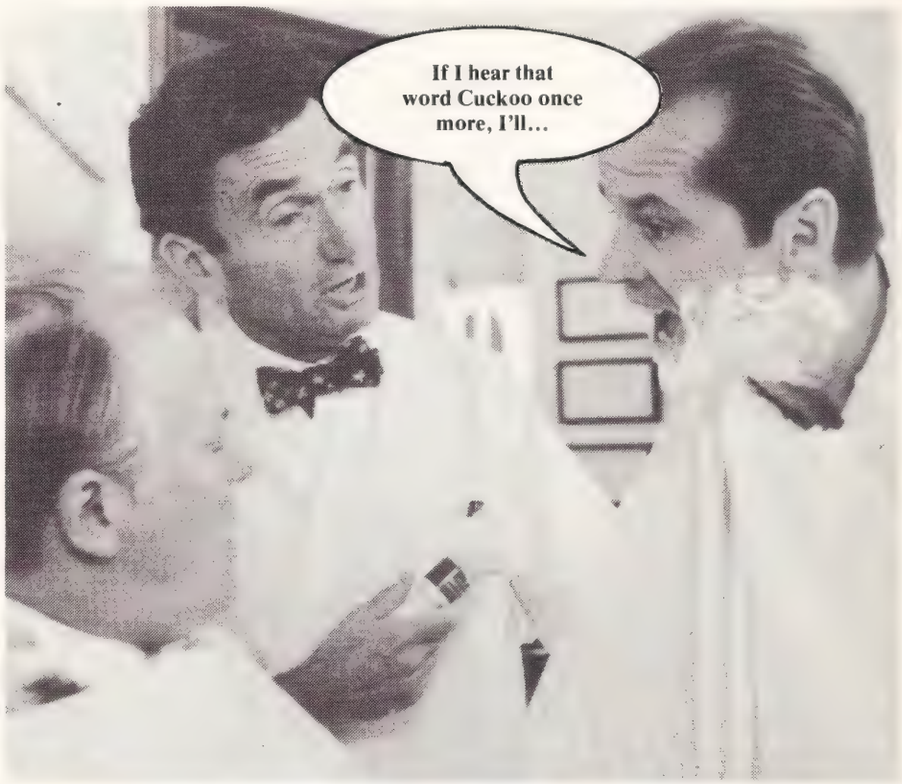

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I don't suppose you do windows...

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Take my advice honey, it's much too dressy for breakfast!

Kathy Somerville, Cayuga, Ontario

"I once had an "Hourglass figure", until all the sand shifted!"

Anne Susan Kokot, Toronto, Ontario

So you are the new maid from the agency.

Stefan Sawicki, Cobourg, Ontario

"Does that come in a size 24?"

Geri LePage, Regina, Saskatchewan

"Honey, ah can remember when an outfit like that would be loose on me!"

John Pallas, Halifax, Nova Scotia

"My dear, you don't need an accountant to reveal your assets."

Larry G. McKee, Altoona PA. U.S.A.

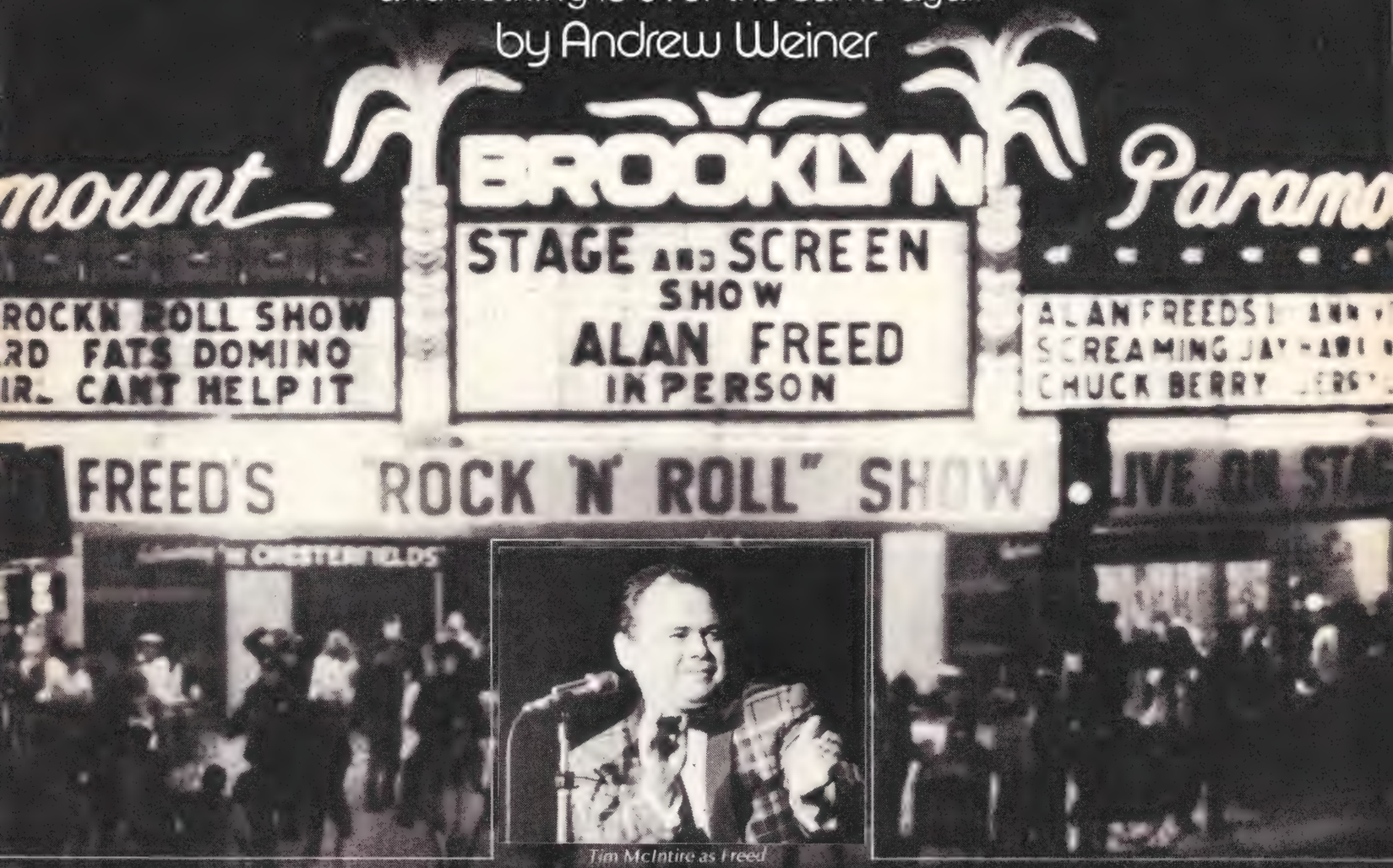
Well darling, who's your date? The man from Glad?

Mary Staines, Kitchener, Ontario

ROCK AND ROLL LULLABYE

Deejay Alan Freed gives America its first taste of "jungle music" and nothing is ever the same again

by Andrew Weiner



Tim McIntire as Freed

Hollywood is clearly making 1978 the Year of the Rock Musical. Robert Stigwood's *Saturday Night Fever* may remain the centrepin for a-while, but coming up is *Grease* (another Stigwood venture), *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and now *American Hot Wax*, the story of deejay Alan Freed.

Who was Alan Freed?

"Alan Freed," according to Screamin' Jay Hawkins, a black rhythm and blues star of the '50s who puts in a brief appearance in *American Hot Wax*, "was the black man's Jesus Christ." Freed earned that accolade by becoming the first and most important white deejay to bring the hard, aggressive and sensual sounds of black rhythm and blues to a white teenage audience raised on Perry Como and Dean Martin. And he gave that music the name it still carries today — "rock and roll."

Back in 1952, Freed was a classical music deejay in Cleveland, Ohio. At that time, popular music — like almost everything else in America — was effectively segregated. There were white record labels and black record labels, white radio stations and black radio stations, and no crossover between the two. Then Freed dropped by a friend's downtown record store and made his great discovery: white teenagers actually liked the black sounds, liked them a lot better than Perry Como. So he started a new radio show, "Moondog's Rock and Roll Party" and began to promote concerts. In 1954 he moved to a New York station and repeated the same trick on a bigger scale.

This is the background to *American Hot Wax*, which is actually set in the last days of Freed's career, in September 1959, in the words of director Floyd

continued on page 38

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JORDAN WINES

ROCK AND ROLL LULLABYE

continued

Mutrux, "the days before Freed fell." Freed would be banned from the airwaves following allegations of payola — that he accepted money and gifts in exchange for plugging certain records — and would die a few years later in alcoholic obscurity.

It should be said those payola accusations were in fact quite true. Almost all deejays took payola in those days (as Dick Clark of *American Bandstand* has freely admitted), but that was not really why Freed fell. He fell because he became the most visible symbol of everything that adult America hated. And what they hated most was rock and roll.

It's hard to remember now, but rock and roll was once considered to be genuinely shocking; corruptive "jungle" music certain to lead innocent teenagers to a life of juvenile delinquency. When Elvis Presley first appeared on the *Ed Sullivan Show* in 1956, he was shown only from the waist up. Which provides us with a fairly glaring clue as to why, exactly, adults hated and feared rock and roll.

Rock and roll was extremely *sexual* music - even the words "rock and roll" were black code words for sex, as Chuck Berry's cameo in the movie makes clear — and the excitement it aroused in white teenagers was obviously a sexual excitement. Therefore, the youth of the nation had to be protected even from white performers like Elvis Presley. And when it came to black rock and rollers like Little Richard and Screamin' Jay Hawkins stirring up their children, the panic of adult America knew no bounds.

The panic in the face of rock and roll comes through strongly in *American Hot Wax*, perhaps even *too* strongly. The uptight District Attorney who brings down Freed is almost a comic book stereotype of a bad guy. In appealing to teenage sensibilities, the movie is anything but subtle. But it does get across the feeling of the times.

Essentially though, as Mutrux points out, the movie is "a love story. A story about a man's love for his music." Tim McIntire, a relative unknown (last seen in *The Choirboys*), was anything but Paramount's first choice for the role of Freed. He got the role only after Elliot Gould and James Caan turned it down, and he lives it to the limit the script will allow. Looking something like the young Orson Welles in *Citizen Kane*, he gives an effective portrayal of the fabulous huckster who gave us rock and roll. And yet at the end of the film the character still remains something of an enigma.

Screamin' Jay Hawkins thinks highly of Freed. "He had a deep passion for opening the door to the underdog." Without Freed's help, Hawkins, Little Richard and Chuck Berry might have remained in complete obscurity, while white imitations like Pat Boone plagiarized and castrated their music. And yet there is no question that Freed also exploited the very underdogs he helped along the way. Freed was responsible for getting Chuck Berry's very first hit, "Maybelline" on to the airwaves. For that service he was rewarded with one-third of Berry's songwriting royalties. (Berry claims he bears Freed no resentment for this: it was simply something you had to do in order to get anywhere. In the 1950s, paying payola was as natural as breathing).

American Hot Wax does not try to turn Freed into a saint. But it doesn't explore the man's real complexities either. "I didn't want to judge Freed," Mutrux says, "just to show what he did, which was to bring us rock and roll. The star of the movie is the music." Neither does he make any claim to be offering an accurate documentary. Many of the soundtrack songs come from periods much earlier or later than 1959, while the climatic rock and roll riot at the Brooklyn Paramount never happened at all (although something very similar did occur at a Freed show in Boston the year before). Rock historians will no doubt despair, but on an emotional level at least, Mutrux has succeeded in recreating the great days of rock and roll.

McIntire's co-star, Larraine Newman (of TV's *Saturday Night Live* fame) never quite seems to come to grips with the role of budding songwriter Teenage Louise, who gets her first big break from Freed. In the rush to get the film released (it was edited in an extraordinary 35 days) some of her key scenes must have been left on the cutting room floor. More effective and much funnier is Fran Drescher. A self-confessed "Jewish American Princess from Queens", Drescher plays just the role as Freed's secretary Sheryl, fending off the advances of chauffeur Mookie (comedian Jay Leno), in a bit of running comic by-play that tells us almost as much about the 1950s as the music itself.

The soundtrack, which features some primitive but still electrifying music from long-forgotten outfits like the Moonglows and the Zodiacs, as well as the more familiar rock and roll of Berry and Jerry Lee Lewis, is an accurate enough record of the period. ■

Chuck Berry doin' the splits, then the duck walk

MOVIES AT A GLANCE

Showbill's indispensable reference guide to films currently playing across the country

Editor's Note: Due to indefinite or sudden film release dates across the country and limited space, we suggest that our readers retain each issue for handy film reference.

Julia Adaptation from Lillian Hellman's famous book of short stories, Pentimento. A young Lillian idolizes her friend Julia and helps her in political endeavours in war-time Europe. Stars Jane Fonda, Vanessa Redgrave, Jason Robards. Director: Fred Zinneman

Close Encounters of the Third Kind About UFOs and beings from outer space, with special effects. Strange occurances lead to Wyoming, where scientists and the military await the visitors. Richard Dreyfuss, Teri Garr, Melinda Dillon, Francois Truffaut. Director: Steven Spielberg.

Equus Shattering transferral of hit play to screen, with superb performances. A phlegmatic psychiatrist envies the passion of a boy who blinded horses, and fears that curing him will doom him to mediocrity. But the psychological probing, haunting scenes, and violent climax are mesmerizing. Richard Burton, Peter Firth, Jenny Agutter. Director: Sidney Lumet.

The Gauntlet Action-drama. A Phoenix detective is assigned to protect a woman wanted as a prosecution witness in a mob trial. Clint Eastwood, Sondra Locke, Pat Hingle. Director: C. Eastwood

The Goodbye Girl Energetic, and committed performances elevate enjoyable romantic comedy enhanced by Neil Simon's dialogue. Divorced former dancer's actor-lover has just left and surreptitiously sublet their apartment. New tenant, a struggling actor, moves in with her 10-year-old daughter. Love-hate fireworks begin. Richard Dreyfuss, Marsha Mason, Quinn Cummings. Director: Herbert Ross.

Heroes Vietnam veteran escapes mental ward in New York and sets off on cross- country bus trip. He meets a young woman and they share a variety of escapades, leading to a moment of crunching truth about his past in Vietnam. Interesting and serious in purpose, with good performances by Henry Winkler, Sally Field. Director: Jeremy Paul Kagan.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar Stars Diane Keaton. Highlights film version of Judith Rossner's novel about a teacher whose singles-bar trail leads to her murder. Tuesday Weld, Richard Gere, Richard Kiley, William Atherton. Director: Richard Brooks.

The Man Who Loved Women In French; English titles. Entertaining, lightly told tale of a compulsive woman-chaser. An effort to be serious, too, but the humorous viewpoint is dominant. Appealing cast, and some of the freshness associated with director Francois Truffaut. Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey Star.

Mr. Klein In French; Eng. titles. Mysterious, provocative and significant exploration of haunting subject — the relationship between bystanders and persecuted. Robert Klein, a Parisian antique and art dealer during the Nazi occupation, finds himself confused with a Mr. Klein who is Jewish and obsessively seeks to find his namesake. Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau. Director: Joseph Losey.

Pardon Mon Affaire In French; Eng. titles. Fresh, delightfully performed sex farce that makes it seem as if infidelity were just invented. A good cast brightens the tale of a government official struggling to cheat on his wife for the first time. Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos. Director: Yves Robert.

Semi-Tough Fast, funny, raunchy comedy about two pro-football players in love with the same spirited woman, whose father owns the team. Skillful script by Walter Bernstein from Dan Jenkins' novel, smooth comedy performances by the stars, jaunty direction, and colorful use of football environment. Burt Reynolds, Kris Kristofferson, Jill Clayburgh. Director: Michael Ritchie.

Telefon New spy thriller starring Charles Bronson, Lee Remick, Patrick McGee and Alan Badel. Director: Don Siegel.

The Turning Point Jealousies and sparks fly in the world of ballet upon reunion of aging ballerina and friend who gave it up for domesticity. Exciting, creatively staged dance sequences worked into the plot. Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Mikhail Baryshnikov, Leslie Browne. With the participation of the American Ballet Theatre. Director: Herbert Ross.

Which Way Is Up? Raucously funny, broad comedy tailored to talents of Richard Pryor, who plays three roles in loose, ribald adaptation of Lina Wertmuller's *The Seduction of Mimi*. On these terms Pryor is outrageously entertaining playing a California fruit picker, his horny, outspoken father, and a hypocritical preacher. Lonette McKee, Margaret Avery. Director: Michael Schultz.

High Anxiety Uproarious, clever parody of Hitchcock. New chief of Psychiatric Institute for the Very, Very Nervous finds himself in danger, complicated by his fear of heights. A comic treasure for Hitchcock buffs, but funny on any terms. Wonderfully crazy characters and performances, led by Mel Brooks. Madeline Kahn, Harvey Korman, Cloris Leachman. Director: Mel Brooks.

Iphigenia In Greek; Eng. titles. Excitement, passion, and intelligence conveyed in adaptation of Euripides' play about Agamemnon's sacrifice of his daughter amid political intrigue in ancient Greece. Fine performances (especially by Tatiana Papamoskou in the title role), and effective cinema that makes the classic tragedy live anew. Irene Papas, Costa Kazakos, Costa Carras. Director: Michael Cacoyannis.

The Lacemaker Beautiful, rewarding filmmaking. Subtle story of shy young beauty parlor assistant, her relationship with student she meets on vacation, and the lack of communication that dooms their liaison. Exquisitely made. Haunting performance by Isabelle Huppert. Director: Claude Goretta.

Padre Padrone Compelling as human drama, enriching as art. True story, beautifully told and acted by illiterate Sardinian shepherd who escapes his cruel, poverty-stricken circumstances, educates himself, and becomes a writer. Amero Antonutti, Saverio Marconi. Directors: Paolo and Vittorio Taviani.

Roseland Ensemble of skillful, touching performances. Sensitive, heartfelt drama about types who frequent Roseland ballroom. Tender mood and respect for characters. Lilia Skala, Teresa Wright, Geraldine Chaplin, Joan Copeland, Lou Jacobi. Director: James Ivory.

Saturday Night Fever Flamboyant, slickly packaged version of boys-will-be-boys genre. Disco dance king in Bay Ridge section of Brooklyn takes steps towards growing up. No-holds-barred language, candid depiction of teenage sex, recognizable characters, plenty of atmosphere. Score by the Bee Gees. John Travolta, Karen Gorney. Director: John Badham.

Three Women Alternately funny and harrowing conundrum involving bizarre personality relationships. Young woman goes to work at a therapeutic center for the aged and becomes roommate of a co-worker she admires. A third woman lurks ominously. Unexpected climax. Provocative, entertaining, with acting to match. Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, Janice Rule. Director: Robert Altman.

The Other Side of the Mountain, Part II Continuing story of Jill Kinmont who was paralyzed in skiing accident in 1955. In this one she meets her future husband, John Boothe, an ex-trucker. Stars Marilyn Hassett, and Timothy Bottoms. Director: Larry Peerce.

Oh, God! God appears before California supermarket manager with message of good will for the world, but everyone thinks the man is daft when he claims to know God. Laborious. George Burns, John Denver. Director: Carl Reiner.

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BOOK REVIEW

What is a good introductory book about the history of movies and the lives of its leading personalities, both before and behind the cameras? Many people would like to learn more about films and their background, yet may feel confused by references to people and titles in articles, given without any extra information.

The book most warmly recommended is *The Filmgoers' Companion*. And this IS, in a sense, a new book since it has recently been published in its fullest and most comprehensive (sixth) edition. The author, Leslie Halliwell, is a self-confessed "film nut," knowledgeable about the most important facts and the fascinating trivia of his field. He first brought out a slimmer and skimpier *Filmgoers' Companion* a dozen years ago. Although limited, it was a brave and unique venture, compiled by Halliwell as a labour of love. There were many inaccuracies as a result — as there will always be SOME mistakes in any reference book. But the new edition has more information and less errors than any before or any similar volume available.

The Filmgoers' Companion has thousands of entries, and many photos of stars, directors, scenes from movies and original poster reproductions. Most of the written listings are brief biographies, including chronological lists of films made by the subject. There are also descriptions of important individual films and series, and straightforward explanations of technical terms and movie industry jargon. For example, do you know what a "lavender print" might be, or a "road show"? This book will tell you.

Much less trustworthy — although covering some extra areas is Halliwell's most prestigious competition. *The Oxford Companion to Film*. This is geared to "films" (cinema artistry) more than "movies" (popular entertainment), but has inaccuracies and shaky observations in both departments. A University Press shouldn't be guilty of such blunders as stating that Katharine Hepburn has won 11 Oscars — perhaps they mean nominations — or that *Francis, the Talk-*

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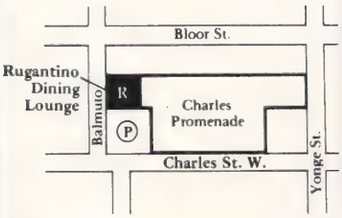

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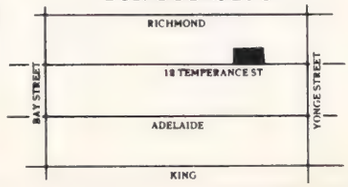
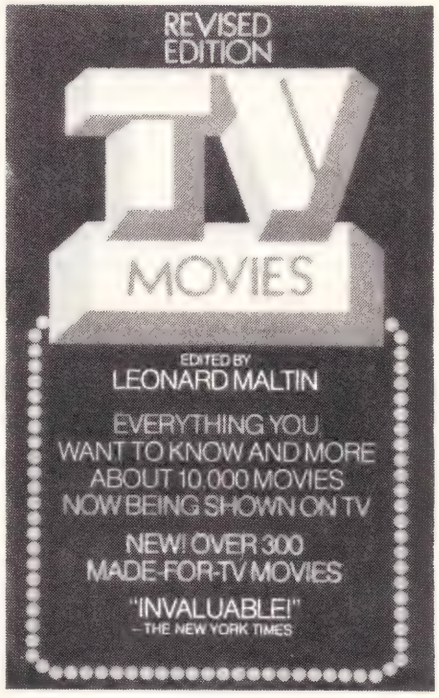


ing Mule comedies were made in the '40s, rather than the '50s.

Anybody beginning to take a serious interest in movies, especially Hollywood productions of bygone years, shouldn't ignore the modest but valuable paperbacks listing films shown on television. There are recent editions, updated and enlarged, of both *Movies on TV* and *TV Movies*. The titles are similar because the purpose is the same: to give brief but pointed opinions about the merits or lack of them, in the whole flood of movies available for television showing. As a quick guide to information such as directors and running times, these economical books are excellent.

One of the best and most academic books that should not be regarded as a guide, but is still noteworthy, is James Monaco's *How To Read a Film*. He intended this to be an essay in the understanding of the crucial process of art, technology, language, history and theory of film and media in technical terms.



Monaco, a teacher, critic and author of several books on film, has included 36 diagrams (by David Lindroth) on lighting, movie camera movement, mechanical and electronic media among other things, and has divided the book into various chapters which can be read either chronologically or individually.

Essentially, Monaco tries to explain how film works on us psychologically, and affects us politically. Readers will especially like the chapter on film history, with black and white reproductions from many older films, including those of D.W. Griffith, Howard Hawks, Orson Welles, Louis Bunuel, Jean-Luc Godard, Wim Wenders and Martin Scorsese.

Also discussed is the film genre (Western, Musical, Nostalgia, Hollywood, Disaster etc.), and the economics and politics of film.

Monaco says he would like readers to argue with his book, discuss it, and use it. Surely, this book is useful in any serious discussions of the cinema.

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MUSIC REVIEW

SO EARLY IN THE SPRING
THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS
Judy Collins
(Elektra)

Gracing the inside of this double album's jacket is a charming, very literate and too short memoir by Judy Collins. Besides the text, this woman's presence, her music and even the facts of her life evoke reminiscence. At one time, folk fans divided themselves into two camps, either Collins' or Joan Baez's. I slept the sleep of the less righteous, but more artful, in the Collins camp.

Judy Collins
So Early In The Spring

Today, I admit, I'm happy to have been vindicated. Collins' catholic and always enchanting music makes her the one lady to whom you can look for an "artist", with all the traditional expectations of the word becoming a compliment. (Baez, on the other hand, has every year further reduced herself into a ghastly suburban trendy). Moreover, Collins is a very fine film director, which may be her real secret, along with, of course, her discoveries of Leonard Cohen, Joni Mitchell, Tim Hardin and a growing body of songs that have miraculously become the "artsong" extension of pop music.

DON JUAN'S RECKLESS DAUGHTER
Joni Mitchell
(Asylum)

Could it be that everybody wants to be Judy Collins? Joni Mitchell certainly does, in her own way. She wants to escape from the lyrical pop song genius of her own *Blue* and *Court and Spark*. But Mitchell lacks the generosity, the basic graciousness to manage such transcendence. Toronto poet and critic Doug Fetherling calls her the quintessential Canadian tourist, meaning, I interpret, that she is trapped

JONI MITCHELL

within a parochial but uprooted national consciousness. Since *Hissing of Summer Lawns* and *Hejira*, I've increasingly tended to agree with Fetherling (over Peter Goddard's assertion that Mitchell has lost her nationalist identity). Her soap opera piano, floating in Bernard Hermannesque strings, covers a whole side with "Paprika Plains" and would have the listener envision a movie written by a slumming novelist in the order of a John Fowles. But there is no novelist, no movie and not much by way of a song. Whatever her musical talents, Joni Mitchell doesn't seem too smart, nor has she shown much insight into the folkways of the country (or, shall we specify, the *coast*) where she sojourns. That is, aside from the knowing babble about her prodigious sexual exploits. But the songs which now sprout from these latter have thinned to cruisy despair ("Off Night Backstreet"), nerves ("Talk to Me") and hallowed anguish ("Jericho"). All these things might be appealing in a fresher or tougher artist but not in the clever thumber of travel brochures and jetting baiter Joni Mitchell has become.

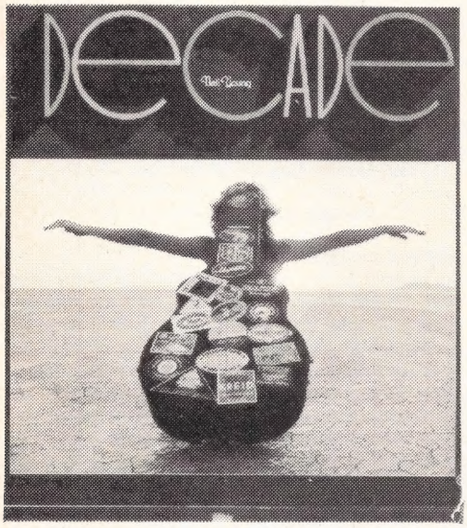
DECADE
Neil Young
(Reprise)

In the first issue of *Shades*, a new Toronto punk rock paper, there is a full page photo of Neil Young with an unsigned petition to him begging for his return to Toronto, his hometown. The petition has pathos, even if it is absurd to even suggest Young could be interested in the tedium the town offers. Young has resisted the seductions of pop stardom, extended to him since he first moved to California to co-found Buffalo Springfield with Stephen Stills. He rose to fame, first with Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, playing the odd man out with

by BART TESTA

that aging hippie supergroup, and later with solo albums like *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere, After the Gold Rush* and *Harvest*. His more recent work, *Tonite's The Night* and *Zuma*, had the paradoxical effects of making doubters love him and of melting down his huge following to a hard core.

As *Decade* unfolds over six sides of what is the best music of an uneven career, one hears a unity, mostly in his refusals — to drop either his verbal paranoia or the anti-musical declensions of his voice and playing. The late sixties grandeur of the Springfield material (e.g. "Broken Arrow") continued into his stint with CSN&Y where he contributed maybe five of his own songs, including "Ohio", the only topical song, about the Kent State murders, to reach a large and, at the time, very receptive audience.



Young's solo work, much of it recorded with the talented but ill-fated Crazy Horse, divided itself into three musical personas, which Young freely takes on and off since 1970: quirky country singer, childishly solipsist balladeer and cold, steely rocker. From "Cowgirl in the Sand" through "Cortez the Killer" the last style has made Young an unbeatable poet-guitarist, a master of mythopeia seldom equalled even by Bob Dylan. But, in retrospect, he always seemed to banish his most tender and (to him) important songs to his quirky country and pitiful ballad styles. Taken at their best and in relatively small doses here on *Decade* songs like "I Believe in You," "Old Man" and "Heart of Bethlehem" are most listenable but no less depressing. I had no trouble being awed and brought down by *Tonite's the Night*, as he intended by presenting us with all three personas stripped naked in response to the heroin-induced deaths of his close friends.

COLLECTORS' ITEMS
The O'Jays
(Philadelphia International)
PHILADELPHIA CLASSICS
(Philadelphia International)

No one treads carelessly into the politics of disco, but one has seen all the fur coats this year and the history of Philadelphia Internatiional, heard here on two double albums, traces the opportunities, both lost and taken, offered by the black side of disco. Philadelphia picked up and extended, through the aggressive O'Jays and Harold Melvin and the Bluenotes, the high soul tradition of Memphis and the high-gloss manner of Motown. The O'Jays collection, from "Love Train" and "Backstabbers" to the *Classics'* incredible *"Don't Leave Me This Way"* exemplify the prime movers of emphatically black disco: the lean studio bands, the tight hustle of the rhythm sections and, especially, the tough male singers. The ballads too, are among the very best recorded in the last decade. I think even Otis Redding would have recognized his heirs here and might have even been startled at the assertive politics of their music, now so much further away from the fields, if not the factories, behind Otis' generation of soul music.

Unfortunately, Gamble and Huff, the writer-producer team, like those at Motown, got showbiz religion and got over-slick. The O'Jays' collection tapers off sharply with such bourgeois pieties as "Family Affair," a mere sign of the Philadelphia decline. Today, the best work of Philadelphia International is finished. These albums are now just classic excellent party music. ■

CLAWS

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Back Issues of English magazines. *Film Making* - May 1971 to July 1972, $10. *Movie Maker* - December 1970 to December 1972, $20. Virginia Frail, 2425 Jane Street, Downsview, Ontario, Canada, M3M 1B1, (416) 245-9730.

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Soundtracks bought, sold, exchanged. I require *Our Mother's House; Night of the Hunter;* many others. Write: Jim Powley, 9 Osterhout Place, Scarborough, Ontario Canada, M1B 1E4; (416)292-4092 evenings.

John Wayne 'Freak' requires any material from stills to cuttings. - Michael Baxter, 117 Cardigan Road, Hull England HU3 6XD

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Wanted: Anything on King Kong movie posters, photos. Reasonable prices. Send to - Lorne Brown, 30 Skyview Cres., Willowdale, Ontario, Canada M2J 1B8

Wanted for a very selective film fan, a poster from the movie *"An American in Paris."* - Fred Sandercott, Suite 309, 82 Warren Rd., Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4V 2R7

Wanted: Posters or photographs of Barbara Bach (co-star of *The Spy Who Loved Me*). - Luc Baillargeon, Box 242, Succursale St-Michel, Montreal, Quebec, Canada H2A 3M1

Wanted: material on Al Pacino, Carol Burnett and the late Freddie Prinze. Articles, stills, newspaper clippings, etc. Will swap or buy. - Lloyd Regular, Hampden, White Bay, Newfoundland, Canada AOK 2YO

Interested in joining The International AL JOLSON Society? Write to - Sydney Enzel, 25 Almont Road, Downsview, Ontario, Canada M3H 3E4, or call (416) 630-0539

Wanted: Soundtrack of Lina Wertmuller's *Love and Anarchy*. Music and words by Nina Rota. Send particulars to - C. Séguin, 10-399 Millcraft Cres., Vanier, Ontario, Canada K1L 6R4

Interested in obtaining the LP that contains the soundtrack for the movie Z. Score was prepared by Mikis Theodorakis. If such an LP is for sale contact - George Bass, Box 1540, Neepawa, Manitoba, Canada, R0J 1HO

Would like to buy some of the material on *Saturday Night Fever*. Preferably just on the dancing. Debbie Friesman, 323, Brant St., Dunnville, Ontario-Canada.

Interested in pressbooks, Bette Davis films of the 30's, 40's, 50's, 60's, especially her classic films. - Gordon Streadwick, 1129 Don Mills Road, Apt. 606, Don Mills, Ontario, Canada M3B 2W4, (416) 445-4378

Wanted: Anything from *The Poseidon Adventure* and anything from any of Elvis Presley movies. Will pay any reasonable price. - Rick Plaseski, 1029 Garwood Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3M 1M8

I am anxious to buy the hard to locate book by J.D. Eames - *The M.G.M. Story*. - John Pallas of Apt. 1201, 5885 Cunard Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada B3K 1E3.

Large and varied collection of books about motion pictures, directors and stars, plus books on related aspects of show business. More details - Cyril Levine, Box 2784, Hinton, Alberta, Canada T0E 1C0

For Sale; 16mm feature films, write for list to Melvin Bond, 11 Main Street, Sydney Mines, Nova Scotia, Canada B1V 2K5

Wanted anything on Sissy (*CARRIE*) Spacek, pics, stills, posters, slides, etc. Will swop or buy. - Cindy Lillibridge, 281 Centerville Road, Warwick, Rhode Island 2886, U.S.A.

For Sale; Joan Crawford, James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, Clark Gable clippings of photos. $3 in USA money. - Chaw Mank, Lest We Forget Club, Drawer 30, Staunton, Illinois 62088, USA.

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The '50s live again with John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John.

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It was great to see the old gang.
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